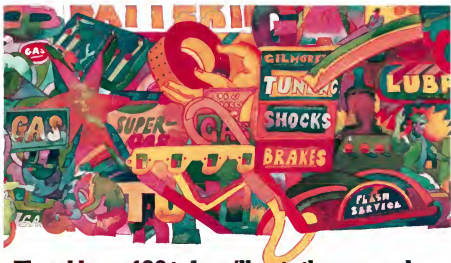


Sports Illustrated

JUNE 1, 1970 60 CENTS

GOLF'S KINGS MUST BE SELFISH





The odds are 400 to 1 you'll go to the wrong place next time you need a muffler.

Cars don't need mufflers very often.

So, when yours does, you'll probably stop in at the first place that has a muffler sign in front.

Which puts us at a disadvantage.

At last count, there were 211,474 gas stations in the United States. Right now, there are only 564 Midas Shops.

With odds like that against us, the only way we can get your business is to do a better job.

Here's how we go about it.

We give you a guarantee.

Since a gas station's business doesn't depend on mufflers, many of them don't guarantee mufflers.

Our business does depend on mufflers, so every Midas shop in the country offers this guarantee:

If anything goes wrong with a Midas muffler we install, we'll replace it for just a service charge.

This guarantee is good on any car made in America, and it's good as long as you own the car.

We don't waste your time.

Gas stations pump gas, change oil, clean windshields and do all sorts of things that take time away from replacing your muffler. So you'll probably have to do without your car for a whole day.

At Midas, mufflers are the biggest part of our business. So we're geared to replace a muffler in 30 minutes. Or less.

Waiting any longer is a waste of time.

We'll get the job done.

Since gas stations don't specialize in exhaust systems, they may not have the muffler you need.

Or the pipe you need.

Or the people to handle the job if it gets complicated.

Any of these conditions can make getting your muffler replaced very frustrating.

That's why we thought someone should specialize in exhaust systems in the first place.

As a result of our specializing, we make mufflers and pipes for 1,770 car models.

Finally, our people are trained exhaust system mechanics. They're the best in the business at what they do.

What's the charge?

You probably think we charge more.

The fact is, we charge less than most gas stations.

A few here and there may charge a little less than we do. But you can find out for yourself.

Next time you need a muffler, look us up in the Yellow Pages.

Get our price.

Then check the gas stations.

All we ask is that you keep in mind 1) the time we save you, 2) the guarantee we give you and 3) that we don't charge for installation.

If you do, we think we have a good chance of cutting down the odds against us.

We hope so.

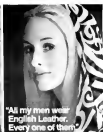
Our business depends on it.

Midas®

We install mufflers for a living.
We have to do a better job.



"All my men wear
English Leather.
Every one of them."



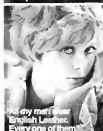
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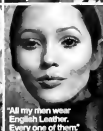
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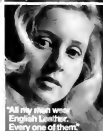
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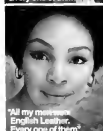
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Next week

THE BIG RACE on Memorial Day draws the nation's eyes to Indianapolis in the Foyt, Andretti and Unser turn on. The story of the 500 by Robert Jones, illustrated in color.

THE GALAPAGOS ISLANDS of the Pacific are visited by Yachman Curleton Mitchell, who writes of uncanny landfalls, the exotic local wildlife and echoes of a hard past.

BILL RUSSELL, out of pro basketball a full year now, reflects on his sport and sport generally and reports on the speaking tour that has taken him to 60 college campuses.

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Certain newsmen in Rome have lately taken to calling Dora Jane Hamblin, who reports the Benvenuti-Betha fight for us on page 14, "Peppermint Patty," after the sports-minded gamine of the *Pravda* comic strip. This may be because Dodie, as Miss Hamblin—a longtime LIT staffer now free-lancing in Rome—is more fondly known, has returned at *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*'s behest to a beat she first patrolled in the



PEPPERMINT PATTY HAMBLIN AT WORK

early 1940s with only comic-strip success. Dodie was then a cub reporter for *The Cedar Rapids (Iowa) Gazette*, and her boss was Gene Larmer, now a LIT senior editor and co-author with Dodie of a newly published book, *Fast on the Loose* (Little, Brown, \$7.95), about the men of the Apollo missions.

Larmer was city editor of the *Gazette* at the time, and he recalls sending Dodie, "a reporter with a Rolleiflex around her neck," out to cover a Coe College football game on a typical Iowa Saturday afternoon which, says Larmer, "can be mighty cold in November." "As a recent Coe graduate," he adds, "Dodie was alive to her personal emotions as well as her professional responsibilities, but in no particular order. She came back into the city room after the game breathing Eskimo Pies and shouting, 'Coe

won! Coe won!' 'Fine,' I told her. 'Now, we need your pictures. Get those rolls of film in the soup fast.' At that point, a blank look came over Dodie's face. During the second half of the game when Coe was winning, she had been so busy rooting for her team that she had forgotten to take a single picture."

Soon after that incident, Reporter Hamblin abandoned both sports and journalism and went to Australia to make doughnuts for the soldiers of World War II. The war over, she resumed her journalistic career and for the next two decades she reported and wrote for LIT both here and abroad on a variety of subjects whose range few journalists of either sex can match. Dodie, in fact, is probably the only newswoman in the world who can claim to be not only an expert on, but a close friend of, all of America's spacemen, their wives and Sophia Loren. As a journalist, Dodie never again made a mistake like the mistake she made back in Iowa.

"It's fun," Dodie said last week of her free-lance assignment for us, "to be doing a sports story again. I usually like the combatants, the audience and the people who write about sports. At least the combat is straightforward governed by rules and not all cluttered up with politics. My highly unprofessional performance at that long-ago football game in Iowa was participatory journalism at its most flagrant but be assured I shall have no such temptation in Yugoslavia. Nothing could get me inside that ring, and I anticipate no problems other than a slight Italian reluctance to admit ladies to locker rooms. Should this become crucial, I shall dispatch a male surrogate with a good memory."

Click Muro

Sports Illustrated

Founded 1934, No. 1, 1938-40

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Loyalists' Oath

"I think we should
always stay with
Ballantine's Scotch
don't you?"

"I do."

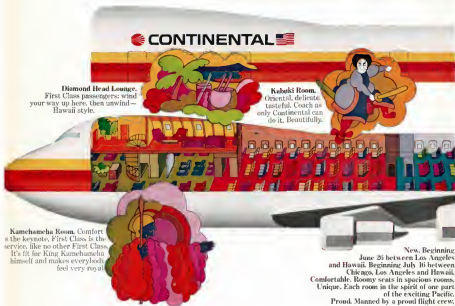


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Introd



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First Class passengers: wind
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Hawaii style.

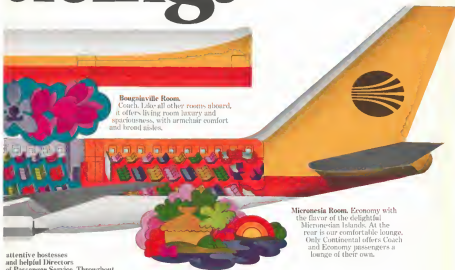
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of the Pacific



CONTINENTAL 747

The Proud Bird of the Pacific

If you told these people The Peace Corps is
the hypocritical extension of an imperialistic
establishment's military industrial complex, they
would think you were crazy.

And you would be.



The Tranquilizers

New MacGregor TEE-SOLE Woods take the terror out of fairway wood shots.

New SPLIT/LEVEL SOLE Irons improve your lie on every shot.

Reach more greens in regulation.

Turf drag on fairway shots robs you of club head speed and accuracy. So MacGregor made the sole of the new TEE-SOLE wood smaller to reduce drag

(The face area and head weight have not been changed.) Now you can get into and through the ball, squarely, solidly and powerfully for a clean fairway shot. It's almost like hitting from a tee (that's why we call it TEE-SOLE).



New SPLIT/LEVEL SOLE Irons

MacGregor SPLIT/LEVEL SOLE irons improve your lie on every shot. The thin front level cuts through the grass and reduces turf drag. The back level controls divot depth.



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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT CREAMER

THE FLOOD CASE

Early testimony at the Curt Flood vs. Baseball suit (Flood is questioning the legality of baseball's famous reserve clause, which binds a player to his contract for life) tended to sound more like something you might get at a congressional hearing than in a court of law. Comment and opinion flowed freely, factual evidence seemed in short supply. The old wheeze about whether baseball is a sport or a business was dragged out and run around, though that is not the issue here (it is not that baseball is a sport rather than a business that supposedly exempts it from the strictures that bind interstate commerce but the "special nature" of the business).

As the case moves on, testimony and evidence will probably be more factual and specific, but the outcome of the lawsuit seems inevitable: the reserve clause in its present form will disappear. Baseball is whistling in the dark if it thinks today's courts—either in hearing the case itself or an appeal—will give that antiquated structure a blanket endorsement. Yet baseball has got to have some contractual arrangement that will give it a fair continuity of control over its players. Neither football nor basketball has a "reserve clause," at least not like baseball's, and they seem to be getting along fine. Baseball ought to stop dragging its feet and produce a new contract form of its own—and soon.

ONE WORLD

The U.S. is generally credited with being the worst nation in the world when it comes to polluting the environment, but don't feel too smug about that. The others are catching up. In the April 26 issue of *Kommunistkaya Pravda* a Soviet conservationist named Vladimir Peskov reported that oaks poisoned with zinc phosphide had been spread by airplane in an attempt to kill gophers that were damaging Russian farmlands. "The fate of the gophers is not known," said Peskov, "though it is highly probable

that they withstood the chemical assault without great losses. But birds died en masse."

In one area 50 cranes and 11 wild geese were found dead. In another, fields were littered with the bodies of 200 great bustards, rare birds with wingspreads up to eight feet that are strictly off limits to Russian hunters. Several dozen foxes were killed, too; the foxes, of course, are the natural enemy of the gophers, but the oak shakers hadn't stopped to think about that.

The farmers responsible for the destruction of the bustards were fined 150 rubles (\$166.50), and the Soviet government banned future aerial use of zinc phosphide. But, wrote Peskov, "Do [they] know the real price of the dead birds? The fine could only convince them that nature costs nothing. They would have grieved more if 200 chickens had died."

"It is happening everywhere," the conservationist lamented. "Why do we see almost no flocks of geese and cranes in April? Why can we hear no quail in the fields in June? The partridges have almost disappeared. Our woods, gardens and fields are becoming quieter and quieter." A silent spring, Miss Carson wrote.

COOL IT

Among safety devices being used in some cars in the Indianapolis 500 this weekend are full-strap harnesses, full-face helmets, foam-filled fuel tanks, more internal fire-extinguishing systems... and Gatorade dispensers from which a driver can drink through a tube attached to his helmet. Well, maybe the availability of Gatorade at 160 mph isn't necessarily a safety factor, but the drivers will be a lot less thirsty when the checkered flag comes down.

MAYBE YOU HAD TO BE THERE

Paul Hahn pulled a pretty good one on Gary Player the other day, heh-heh. Hahn, a trick-shot specialist (SI, March 5, 1956), was on the practice tee with

Player before the Champions tournament in Houston. Their conversation had been casual—nothing much had been said one way or the other about the threats the harassed Player had been receiving because of his country's *apartheid* policy—when Hahn suddenly reached into his golf bag, took out a pistol loaded with blanks and fired it at Player. The South African was shaken, and Hahn roared with laughter at the look of shock on his face. Oddly, Gary didn't laugh at all.

MONSTERS WE HAVE KNOWN

By now you've probably forgotten all about the Loch Ness monster, that popular Sunday feature story of decades past, but Robert E. Lee Love Jr. thinks about it all the time. Love, a former engineer, spent a month and a half last year cruising Loch Ness on a sonar-equipped 30-foot motor sloop, and one fine day his sonar screen picked up a blip and tracked it for more than three minutes. The target was about 600 feet down in the long, deep lake, moving smoothly at about two knots. It finally slowed, curved toward the ship, then suddenly looped around and sped out of the sonar's range. "It wasn't a fish or a school of fish," says Love, whose explorations are supported by Field Ex-



terprises. "Biologists tell me that fish don't move in this pattern or stay solidly enough together to form a composite target." Love won't say what he thinks the monster is, but indications are that it is probably an overgrown eel, possibly a family of eels, trapped since time immemorial in the loch. "There have been about 100 valid sightings in the past 30 years," he says, usu-

ally of a creature described as serpentine, about 20 to 25 feet long, sometimes with a "mane" (eels do grow dorsal fins).

This August, Love will be back in Scotland with new ideas and equipment, including a one-man submarine equipped with a tissue-sampling dart. "It won't hurt a bit," says Love. The monster's reaction presumably will become known later.

CAN RICK GO HOME AGAIN?

Rick Barry, who jumped from the NBA's San Francisco Warriors to the ABA's Oakland Oaks only to end up with the Washington Capitals when the Oaks moved East and who now wants to jump back to the Warriors again, is not one to keep his feelings inside. When he returned to his California home after the Caps lost to the Denver Rockets in the ABA's Western Division playoff, Barry said, "I can honestly say that when we lost I wasn't really disappointed. I know you should never become complacent about losing, but when we lost I realized I could go home."

"Now that I'm back I'm just hoping that somehow I can stay here next season and play for the Warriors—maybe through the merger, or maybe Franklin Meuli might talk to Mr. Foreman of the Caps, or I might talk to someone and work it out."

Maybe—but Barry still has a year left, plus a one-year option, on the much litigated contract he negotiated back in 1967 when he left the Warriors in the first place.

TRAVEL TIPS

Foreign visitors to the World Cup soccer matches in Mexico City in June should be pleased by new regulations governing public transportation. These specify that taxi and bus drivers must be clean, not give offense to passengers, not make sudden stops, not play radios, not allow too many passengers to board and not permit anyone to hang on to the outside of the bus. Musicians (presumably only those actually playing instruments) and street salesmen will not be allowed on buses, nor will drunks.

As for those who drive their own cars in Mexico City, they should be aware that the traffic cops, or *tamaridos*, can no longer remove the license plate from your illegally parked car and hold it until you pay a *multa* (all right, a

continued

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The perfect martini gin.

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bribe) to get it back (the alternative was to go through the long legal process of paying the fine). In any case, traffic fines can now be paid with a credit card, though the *morale* is still quicker. The well-mannered traffic cop is always ready to settle things courteously, happy to do you the favor. Simple speeding rates a 50-peso (\$4) *morale* but other infractions can go as high as \$40. You may bargain.

HIGH COST OF GEORGE

Even though he has belonged to five teams in four seasons in the NBA, George Wilson, a 6'8" center, should not feel unwanted. In those four seasons he has been drafted three times by optimistic expansion teams. In 1967 the Seattle SuperSonics took him from the Chicago Bulls at a theoretical cost of \$116,666.66 (one-eleventh of Seattle's NBA initiation fee, for which the club received its franchise as well as the right to draft 11 players from existing teams). In 1968 the Phoenix Suns picked him up from Seattle for \$111,111.11. The Suns traded him to the Philadelphia 76ers, and in 1970 Buffalo drafted him from Philly for \$336,363.63. Total cost of George Wilson: \$564,141.40. His salary is something less than that.

OVERAGE OLYMPICS

The following is not for middle-aged joggers but for middle-aged athletes. Dave Pain, meet chairman of the third annual U.S. Masters track and field championships (a full-scale track meet for old boys 40 years and up, with everything from the 100-yard dash to the marathon, including field events), says that plans are in the works for a World Masters track meet in Munich in 1972, right after the Olympic Games. This year's U.S. meet will be held in San Diego early in July, in case you have your eye on Munich and want to start training early.

INVITING CONTEMPT

Except for its soccer teams, which can be pretty good, Oberlin College is not particularly noted for its athletic prowess, which makes the following excerpts from an article entitled *Meer Sans in Corporate Sans*, from the April issue of the college's alumni magazine, all the more fitting: "[In 1833] Theodore Weld, general agent for the Society for Promoting Manual Labor in Literary In-

stitutions, gave the faculty a list of four objections to gymnastic exercise as a system of education to replace or compete with manual labor: '1) It is dangerous. . . . Sprains, dislocations, fractures, ruptured blood vessels and death have all been entered upon the records of gymnasiums in our country; 2) It is unnatural. . . . and destroys that equilibrium which is necessary to the perfect performance of all [bodily] functions; 3) It is unphilosophical. . . . gymnastic exercises produce few visible effects and therefore cannot permanently interest the mind; 4) Gymnastic exercises excite aversion and contempt in the public mind. The laboring classes, who make up 9-10s of the community, are disgusted and repelled by the grotesque and ludicrous antics of the gymnasium. . . . The time spent in them affords no pecuniary advantage; the exercise. . . . makes no contribution to the resources of the country and no addition to the means of human subsistence.'"

The article makes it clear that despite the warning, Oberlin is going ahead with a new \$4.5 million gymnasium now under construction.

SHORTEST WAY ROUND

Bird watchers in Switzerland have noted that swallows migrating north from Italy are using a new route. Instead of climbing high over the towering Alps, the little birds have been taking a shortcut. They fly through the 3.7-mile-long Grand St. Bernard road tunnel.

THEY SAID IT

• Paul Wahlberg, Houston Golf Association president, announcing his organization is receiving applications for two four-year college scholarships: "What we're really looking for is another Arnold Palmer who makes straight A's and whose parents are real poor."

• John Madden, Oakland Raider coach: "When the NFL teams meet the AFL in interleague play this year, I predict some high-scoring, lopsided games. It takes years for pro teams to know one another."

• John Luginbuhl, head basketball coach at Kiser High School in Dayton, on why he decided to resign: "Our varsity won 15 games in those seven years and lost 119, our reserves were 13-110 and our freshmen were 9-83. Overall, the program was 37-312. I thought maybe somebody else could do better."

END

1908-Ford's Model T.

A statement from Henry Ford.

"I will build a motor car for the great multitude. It will be large enough for the family but small enough for the individual to run and care for. It will be constructed of the best materials, by the best men to be hired, after the simplest

designs that modern engineering can devise. But it will be so low in price that no man making a good salary will be unable to own one—and enjoy with his family the blessing of hours of pleasure in God's great open spaces."



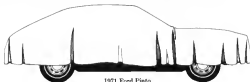
1909 Ford Model T. Wheelbase 100 inches, weight 1290 pounds, 4-cylinder engine, 20 horsepower, price \$850, resale value \$6500

1970-Ford's Pinto.

A statement from Henry Ford II.

"In September we will introduce a new small car in the United States and Canada. The car will be named Pinto. As far as I am concerned, the Pinto is the new Model T—but you can get this one in a variety of colors, anything from Pinto Gold to Model T Black. The first Model T stood for sensible, simple motoring in my grandfather's day. But many people forget that it was also lively and easy to handle and fun to drive. This new version of the Model T stands for the same things. When we started on

the Pinto, I pointed out that the market needed the best little car dollar for dollar and pound for pound that Ford has ever built. I told our people that I thought it should be simple, sensible, low priced, light, lively, durable and reliable. The Model T lasted virtually unchanged for 19 years and with that in mind I felt we should try to accomplish the same objective with the Pinto. Any changes in the Pinto will be aimed at making it a better car, and not just different looking."



1971 Ford Pinto
Surprising details to come.



...has a better idea
(we listen better)



Mets big starters (from left): Gary Gentry, Jerry Koosman, Tom Seaver and Nolan Ryan.



SAY IT AGAIN, RUBE!

Pitching Coach Rube Wuker's showy praise of his Met pitchers roused the front-running Cubs, who happily clobbered Tom Seaver (left) and other talented New Yorkers. They know, though, that the year is young

by WALTER BINGHAM

Well, Cub fans, it sure was a grand weekend out there at the Big Shea, as the New Yorkers like to call it. We really did it to the Mets and the world's greatest pitching staff, or whatever it was that Rube Walker called it. Billy says he's still tired from running the bases. Ron nearly split a gut not doing his victory dance at third and guess what? Leo smiled. Yeah, he smiled, the first one since last September.

In case you missed it, we went into New York with a half game lead and everyone still talking about the one-hitter Gary Gentry threw against us in Chicago, followed by the one-hitter Tom Seaver laid on the Phillies and the four-hit shutout Jerry Koosman came back with the day after that. Oh, the New York papers had fun with that, kidding Koosman about giving up so many hits and not being able to throw a one-hitter like Gentry, Seaver and Nolan Ryan. It was along in here that Walker, he's the Met pitching coach, opens his mouth about Seaver, Koosman, Gentry and Ryan. Poor us. We have to go in there, and all we have is Kenny, Fergie, Hand-sie and Joe. Joe Decker. New kid.

Game one, Friday night, 50,000 Met fans want our blood. What they didn't get from last year. They start Koosman, No. 2 man, and he doesn't get out of the second inning, partly because he pulls a muscle in his left forearm and partly because we nail him for four runs. Jim Hickman hits one out to Long Island somewhere and we win 6-4.

And we're just warming up. The next day, only 35,000 fans this time, and we land on Gentry. Boom. Billy Williams hits one so far Swoboda doesn't move. Boom, Ron bangs one off the center field fence. Bye, bye, Gary. We win this one 14-8. Could have been 140-8.

Sunday winds it up. We get to the golden boy, Seaver, and you can hear all those fans—53,000 this time—moaning.

continued



Ron Santo helped torment Met staff in Saturday rout.



Leaping into juicy deliveries, Billy Williams collected two homers and congratulatory hand from Durrett.



Ex-Met Jim Hickman homered, too.





We beat Tommy boy 3-1 but then make the mistake of dropping the last one to Ryan 3-1. So what? Three out of four in their ball park gives us a 1½-game lead over the Cardinals, who are finally over .500, and a 2½-game lead over the world champion Mets and their world champion pitching staff.

But listen. This is something to pester in your hot and look at in August or September. Those Met pitchers are pretty good, as all of us found out last fall. Maybe they won't become the best stuff in the history of baseball the way Rube says, but don't bet a lot against that either. Know what Henry Aaron says about Seaver? "You simply can't unnervise him," that's what Henry says. "He's cocky. And by cocky I don't mean any criticism. I mean confidence."

Henry also likes the other three guys. "Kosman is the same sort of pitcher Seaver is, but he isn't as cocky and so he pitches into more bad luck. Gentry and Ryan can beat you anytime. I simply have never seen so many good young pitchers come up so fast on any club."

And Henry's not the only one. Maury—Maury Wills—thinks Kosman can be another Koufax and, like everybody, he's nuts about Seaver. Old Casey points out that nobody is happy about facing Ryan, he throws so fast. In fact, just about everybody around the league thinks Rube is not all that wrong when he says how great his pitchers are.

The point is, if Henry's impressed, and Maury and Casey are impressed, we should be impressed too, Cub fans. Those pitchers are young, that's for sure. Kosman is 26, Seaver 25, Gentry and Ryan 23. On the theory that they're going to be around a long time and that even though we roughed them up last week they may be back to rough us up come September, it might be good for us to learn as much as we can about them. You know, know your enemy?

Seaver, with three years experience, 57 wins, a Cy Young Award, an \$80,000 contract, a well-photographed wife and a converted farm house in Greenwich, Conn., sets the pace. Kid has a great fast-ball, and his control is unbelievable. His motion has lots to do with his strikeouts. There aren't too many problems

he can't solve himself. Sometimes his motion is too quick and he gets to pitching against his front leg. Rube may have to remind him of this, but usually he figures it out himself.

Seaver keeps track of what hitters around the league are doing, especially clubs the Mets will face during the next week. Big on box scores. He also checks to see who is pitching against them. Two nights before he pitches he tries to get 10, maybe 12 hours sleep. Says nine is all he needs the night before a game. But win or lose—and of course it's mostly win—he cannot sleep after pitching, so he stays up for hours reading. He's been reading *Prime Time*, an Edward R. Murrow biography—not, as he says, because he was a fan of Murrow's but because Murrow was a singular force. Try to figure that one out.

"He's a very down-to-earth guy" is what Bud Harrelson says. Bud's his roommate on the road. "While we were in Montreal, Tom bought a \$40 pair of sunglasses, but he isn't bent toward extravagance. He takes a week to pick out a suit. Tom is such a Henry Aaron fan he sent him a telegram after Aaron's 3,000th hit." Imagine that. Probably hopes Henry will take it easy on him.

Now Kosman, tough lefthander as we know, has won 36 games in two seasons with the Mets, plus two more in the World Series. Used to throw a lot of sliders till Gil Hodges and Rube told him to junk the pitch. Stuck to the fast-ball and curve, they said. That gets 'em out. Rube keeps a sharp eye on Jerry when he's pitching to make sure he doesn't drop his arm. You know, if he's tired he has a tendency to do that. His strongest release point is straight overhead, and when he drops to three-quarter delivery he has to be brought back up. That's what Rube says.

Kosman is the team joker, a fun-loving Minnesota farm boy. Likes to switch the label on the deodorant can so that it appears to be hair spray. "Kos has more fun with his gags than the people listening" is what Ron Swoboda says.

Joe Deer, the trimmer, says Kosman won't come near him. "Seaver likes a light massage and a dab of *Alolex* cream before pitching." Joe Deer says. "Gentry likes to have his arm stretched by massage of back and shoulder. He also puts his arm in a little ice after he pitches. Ryan needs pinch pads on his right foot and big toe, because he drags it when

he strides. But Kosman hardly lets me in the same room with him even."

So much for oddball lefthanders. Now Gentry was a rookie last year when he won 13 games, plus that third Series game. Rube says he's improved more in one year than the other three, even if he looked lousy against us Saturday. Gentry talks in clipped sentences and shows a short temper sometimes, but he doesn't lose his cool. He often wears cowboy boots, blue jeans and chews tobacco. Not when pitching, though. "Can't chew it and think about more than one thing at a time" is what he says. His one problem is that he tries to throw too hard.

Nolan Ryan chewed, too, but bubble gum, until Hodges made him quit, because he felt it hurt the kid's arse. Now there's something Gil wouldn't have thought of back there in Brooklyn. Ryan is fast, faster than the others, faster than anybody. Better curve this year, too. Has thrown a one-bitter and two two-bitters, including that one against us Sunday. Has a tendency to lean back once in a while and when he does his stuff is wild-high. He also tries to throw harder than a Nolan Ryan has to.

This is Ryan's third year, though he still hasn't pitched 150 innings in a season. Blisters used to hurt him, Ryan got a lot of ink two years ago by toughening his pitching fingers in pickle juice or something. He's off the pickles now but still uses tincture of benzoin. Kid used his Series money to buy 100 acres in Gonzales, Texas, near his home town of Alvin. Still goes to Alvin Junior College in off season but guesses he won't become a vet now. By the way, think Nancy Seaver is cute? Get a look at Ruth Ryan sometime. A full 10 points.

So that's the opposition. At least part of it. The Cards promise to get tough, too, what with Allen hitting one or two home runs every day and Gibson starting to strike out people like he did in Philadelphia last week. Yeah, 16 of them. Billy Muffett says it's the hardest Gibson's thrown since 1968, but then we already know you can't trust what pitching coaches say. Anyway, we'll have a report on the Cards for you Cub fans real soon. Meantime, even though you know this year we're going to win for sure, let's try not to get too excited about it until after we've faced those Met pitchers for the last time. No point in waking 'em up. Right?

END

Bob Gibson, who had been in a slump, hampered Philadelphia with his hardest pitching in two years to keep St. Louis close to Cubs.

THE ULTERIOR MOTIVE FOR UMAG

Americans swarm over Italy every summer but seldom go east of Venice, and that's why Nino Benvenuti defended his title against Tom Bethea in a Yugoslav hamlet you never heard of **by DORA JANE HAMBLIN**

Handsome Nino Benvenuti is a fairly leapy sort of boxer, but he wasn't half as jumpy as the crowd of 5,000 highly prejudiced fans who watched him knock out Tom Bethea last week in Umag, Yugoslavia. The 15-round fight was billed accurately as a world middleweight championship, but it was also the clearest case of touristic aggression since Prince Rainer of Monaco made off with Grace Kelly and added her to the delights of his domain. And everybody around the ring in Umag knew it.

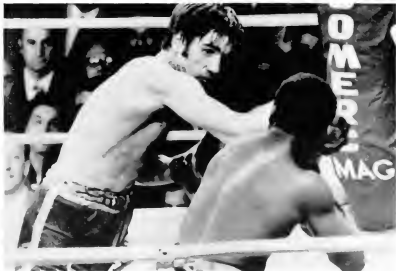
"First," moaned an aggrieved Italian who had driven 30 miles across the border from Trieste and paid \$30 for his ticket, "the Yugoslavs take our land. Now

they're trying to steal our tourists."

Worst of all, the first Italian world boxing champion since Primo Carneri (1933) was helping them. Nino Benvenuti was born and raised less than 45 miles from Umag back before World War II, when the place was Italian and was called Umago. After the war a series of treaties and agreements lopped off an appendage of land at the top of the Adriatic Sea and gave it to Yugoslavia, presumably for good behavior against the Nazis. In 1954 Italy got the city of Trieste back again, presumably for good behavior against the Communists. There things might have rested, except for the fact that the whole beau-

tiful Istrian coastline, from Venice to Trieste and down to now-Yugoslav Pola, is hurting for money—tourist money. And since the brass ring of the European touristic merry-go-round, have a deplorable tendency to halt in Venice, if they would only drive another hour or so and move a bit to the east. . .

An enterprising Yugoslav organization called Istraturist, which is strewn the Umag area with hotels, bungalows and campsites (children under 7, 30% reduction), went straight to Nino's manager with a cash offer. And Nino, whose own family had decamped from Yugoslav territory to settle in Trieste, agreed. "Did you decide to fight in Umago out



Following up a left uppercut, Benvenuti knocks out Bethea in the eighth with a right hook after controlling the wild contest all the way.

of nostalgia for your old home place?" asked an Italian sympathizer, eager to put a good face on the whole business. "No," said Nino, "it is a matter of promotion." Now there's a phrase that loses nothing in translation. It means money for Nino. Despite his dashing air and his flashing teeth, Benvenuti is a practical man. When he jumped rope he did it methodically—right foot, left foot, right foot, left foot, his eyes focused on the middle distance and his head bobbing as if it were one of those crowd counters that ushers hold in their hands.

By contrast, the door and reserved—and hopelessly outclassed—Tom Betha, whom Italians dubbed the *motorino* (the little motor), danced when he jumped rope. He didn't look any happier doing it than Nino did, but he was more fun to watch. He also drew a much bigger crowd of preflight spectators. The official spokesman for the Yugoslav sponsors drove his own car to Trieste to pick up Betha and take him to Umag, and he reported happily that "even the Italian border police followed us. When we offered passports they said they wanted instead tickets to the fight."

"Maybe that's because people in this part of the world don't see many Negroes," somebody remarked.

"True," said the spokesman, delivering a left jab to the dialectic. "Blacks here are as scarce as trees in New York."

Once they made a deal for Benvenuti the Istraturist men were as nervous as the old-fashioned county-fair board that had just booked the most expensive trapeze act on the circuit and then belatedly wondered if it knew how to put up a trapeze and if, in fact, the locals liked trapeze acts. At \$5.50 each, the reserved seats were beyond the means of most of the 5,000 citizens of Umag, and Italian boxing fans, who have always been a little ambivalent about Nino, threatened to find the combination of Nino plus Yugoslavia more than they could bear.

Then there was the matter of a place in which to hold the fight. Umag had no ring or stadium. An army of laborers from the interior was hauled in and set to work building an arena in only three weeks. The biggest hotel in the tourist chain had only five telephone lines, and because of international complications (foreign calls go through Belgrade) a telephone call to Trieste, 30 miles away, customarily took five hours. Some German and Austrian tourists turned up in

town early to see the excitement, and a lot of them loitered under an enormous sign that said "Traguardo. Benvenuti," not realizing that this had nothing to do with Nino. It was erected over the established finish line for local bicycle races and it meant "Finish line. Welcome."

Nevertheless, there was an appealing air of small-town bravado about the whole business. A nice old gentleman named Viktor Horvad, who graduated from Cornell University 42 years ago and thus has had ample time to forget his English, was the official English interpreter. He admitted he was not empowered to say how much Istraturist had paid to get the fight, but he confided that it was "a lot—a lot for us." Estimates ranged from \$115,000 to \$200,000, and somewhere around \$140,000 probably was the truth.

They couldn't have made more than half of it back from ticket and TV sales, but they certainly got total exposure. Everyone who wandered through town was handed a free brochure on the glories of the burgeoning resort. The defending champion resided in a bungalow on a suburb called Kinoro, run by Istraturist. Challenger Betha resided in a bungalow next to the Adriatico Hotel, run by Istraturist. An enormous reception for the assembled press and local bigwigs, put on by the mayor of Umag and a local winemaking company, was held in one restaurant owned by Istraturist, and Benvenuti and Betha took turns training in another restaurant owned by guess who. The weigh-in ceremony, in which the boxers stripped to make the weight, took place on the very same spot on the Adriatico Hotel's dance floor where two young ladies had been taking off all their clothes every night in the floor show. "Desecration, desecration," muttered an Italian who apparently had caught the other show the night before.

The most popular man in Umag was former middleweight champion Emile Griffith who, like Tom Betha, is in Gil Clancy's stable and was along because he fights in Copenhagen next week. Griffith strutted, joked, signed autographs—and he should have fought Benvenuti. Betha couldn't. He lunged and thrust, tried to get inside to hammer at Nino's fragile ribs, and he failed. Nino jabbed away, opened a cut over Betha's right eye in the fourth round, bloodied his nose in the sixth and, midway in the fight, put him away with a combination

of left uppercut and right hook. It wasn't much of a fight.

An overwhelmingly Italian crowd, which became more nationalistic the closer it came to the Yugoslav border, decided to forgive Nino all his sins and roared ecstatically every time he threw a punch. It didn't happen often enough to fatigue the fans. Benvenuti was obviously in good condition. He is a man whose attention and condition can wander when he is out of his home territory and away from the mesmerizing chant of Nee-no, Nee-no, Nee-no that perhaps serves to remind him of what he is doing. His pride hurt even more than his ribs after Betha beat him in Australia in March, and once he got home Nino decided his ribs weren't broken after all—it was just a cartilage separation that he could cure by calisthenics. He and Manager Bruno Amaduzzi called back a California trainer named Al Sylvani, who had worked with Benvenuti before the Rodriguez bout in 1969. Sylvani took him off both wine and spaghetti for the duration and gave him a book of code numbers to use for training: one meant left jab, two meant move your head, three meant right uppercut, four meant left hook, five meant move your foot, etc. Sylvani shouted the numbers as Nino worked.

After the fight Nino stood in his dressing room upstairs over Istraturist headquarters, putting his wife Giuliana on the head and loudly bussing Sylvani on the cheek. Nino hadn't a mark on him. "I just began with a rhythm of punches," he said, "wanting for him to get tired. I decided to go for him in the sixth, and in the eighth it was over."

The head of Istraturist looked more tired than anybody. Still, it hadn't gone badly. Umag had fought off a last-minute attempt by Trieste to raise enough money to buy the fight away. The hastily built ring held up, and the arena was almost full. The lights went out only once. Young men and women in picturesque Yugoslav folk costume handed out roses and commemorative medals to the fighters, the recorded national anthems were the correct ones and three tourist buses arrived in Umag that very day. "Hey," said the happy champion to an American acquaintance, "when you invite me back to New York one time for a big match?"

"Soon, Nino, soon," came the reply. "We're looking for tourists too." **END**

SO SOME STARS FELL ON INDIANA

While Hoosiers and Californians showed that they loved the game as much in May as they did in December, a bunch of unknown Angelenos surprised the Pacers in the ABA's championship playoffs by **PETER CARRY**



Brown hits two over Raymond in Indiana.

The Indiana Pacers, whose fans like to think of their team as the Knicks of the American Basketball Association, and the Los Angeles Stars, who until a month or two ago were considered the nix of the ABA, finally met over the past two weeks to play for the league championship. The absurdity of the match-up initially seemed to fit perfectly with the notion that there was anyone left in the country who still wanted to watch basketball during the last week in May. Yet, after six games, it was clear that the hot, summery weather in Southern California and Indianapolis had dazed a lot of fans into forgetting what time of year it was, and the surprising Stars had put the heat on the stunned Pacers as well.

Indiana, which won the ABA's Eastern Division with a 59-25 record and had taken its two preliminary playoff series by winning eight of nine games against Carolina and Kentucky, figured to defeat Los Angeles in four, certainly no more than five, games. The Pacers were on schedule after the first two meetings in Indianapolis, as they won 109-93 and 114-111 on second-half scoring bursts by Center Mel Daniels and Forward Bob Netolicky. The play then shifted for two games to the Stars' old home, Anaheim Convention Center.

The 7,800-seat center, which is one of the trimmest arenas in the country, was not the Stars' base this year. They played in the huge Los Angeles Sports Arena before crowds which were usually *in absentia*. "When I got out of the hospital after having pneumonia in February and the doctor told me to stay away from large groups of people I knew just where to go," said Merv Harris, Southern California's guru of basketball. "I started to go to all the Stars' games at the Sports Arena." Two years ago, before the team moved to its burial ground in L.A. (the franchise will almost certainly shift to Salt Lake City next season where it will have an opportunity to try out a place called the Salt Palace), it regularly played in Anaheim. Trivia buffs will recall that

the team was then called the Arroyos.

Schedule conflicts prevented the Stars from using the Sports Arena for the first two ABA playoff games in California and necessitated the return to Anaheim. The switch could turn out to be a happy accident for pro basketball fans in the area who have grown tired of the No. 2 Lakers. Attendance both nights beat the Stars' previous high by a wide margin, and the second game was played before a crowd only 700 under capacity. The fans, unlike the blasé sorts who sit on their hands at Laker games, were loud and long on pousseuse with the home team. After the Stars trailed by as much as 21 points in the first half, they rooted them home to a 109-106 win. "The fans were a big lift for us," said Los Angeles Forward Tom Washington. "During the regular season I was always glad to go on the road. It didn't make any difference that the away crowds weren't for us. It was just good to be playing in front of some people."

The Stars won by coming from behind, as they had done consistently for the past two months, and the hero, Forward George Stone, who scored 27 points in the second half, was, as usual, a player almost no one had heard of. The most celebrated man on the Los Angeles team, which starts a lineup of unknowns—Mack Calvin, Bob Warren, Merv Jackson, Craig Raymond and Stone—does not play at all. He is Coach Bill Sharman, who was ABA-NBA seven times with the Celtics.

On March 1, when the Stars were purchased for a token sum by Denver cable-TV man Bill Daniels, they were seven games out of the lowest playoff spot, riding a six-game losing streak. They then won 17 of their next 21 games. Los Angeles trailed Dallas 2-1 in the first playoff series—971 fans, approximately half of them using free tickets, showed up for one of those games at the Sports Arena—and still won 4-2. Denver, with Spencer Haywood, took a 1-0 lead in the Western Division finals and then lost the next four games to the Stars.

Sharman's two best players, the 6' 6"

Forward Willie Wise from Drake, and Calvin, a super-quick guard from Southern Cal, are both rookies and were nearly ignored by the pros. Wise made the Stars as a free agent and Calvin was a 12th-round draftee. During the season, 7' Center Raymond was acquired from Pittsburgh in a trade. Only one of the current Stars was in the starting lineup for the team's first game this season, but Sharman brought his inexperienced players along rapidly. During the playoffs Los Angeles shot well, scrambled effectively on defense and, with Calvin leading the way, ran very hard.

"I'll tell you—the change in management helped this team, too," said Wise. "You play better when you know you don't need to worry about your paycheck. Under the old owners, the checks used to be a few days late lots of times, I mean lots of times."

It looked like the Stars' hopes for \$4,000 winners' paychecks at the end of the playoffs were gone after the fourth game when Roger Brown, the 6'5" Pacer forward who is the best clutch player in the ABA, set a playoff scoring record of 53 points and Indiana won 142-120. Brown, who had been assigned to guard Stone the night before, was subtly prodded before the game by Indiana Coach Bob Leonard. "Roger," asked Leonard, who had mentioned that he might start old pro Tom Thacker to hold down Stone, "do you think you can cover that guy?" Brown replied, "I've got him." Along with his 53 points, Brown had 13 rebounds and six assists. Stone scored 19 points, but 10 of them came in the fourth quarter after the Pacers already led by 20. "The man is bad," said Mel Daniels after the game, referring to Brown in the curiously inverted current form of praise.

Bad Roger has felt less subtle jabs from Leonard before. Leonard took over the Pacers when they were in last place early in the season a year ago and one of his first maneuvers was to leave Brown home during a road trip. "I told him to stay home and decide if he wanted to play basketball," says Leonard. "He was good enough to make the all-league team without trying. He wouldn't take his outside shot at all. He'd drive into the middle, and so many people sagged off on him that he'd end up traveling half the time. All he had to do was take an outside shot once in a while so they'd have to cover him close." In the same week



Quick Mack Calvin, sliding Ben Keller bare, led the Stars' break and played fine defense.

Indiana General Manager Mike Storen had tried to trade Brown to every team in the league. There were no takers.

The Indiana State Fairgrounds Coliseum in Indianapolis was packed to 1,400 over capacity for the fifth game, and Los Angeles pulled off another of its comebacks, winning 117-113 in overtime. If anyone ever doubted it, the game proved that Hoosiers love basketball any old time and that the Pacer franchise is one of the best in professional basketball. The crowd of 10,548 was the 14th sellout of the year for Indiana, despite the fact that five miles away 40,000 fans were gathered at the Indianapolis Speedway to watch qualifications for the Memorial Day race. In addition to the 500, last Saturday's game had to compete with the heat, which was 85° outside but nearer 95° inside where the TV lights warmed the court. The ventilation system in the 31-year-old coliseum consists of 32 slowly rotating fans.

The young Stars' rush for a championship this year was halted Monday

night, appropriately at the L.A. Sports Arena, when Indiana won and took the series 4-2. Whether they play next season in Salt Lake, Albuquerque or Anaheim (the latter two still have a chance), the Stars should be strong. Zelmo Beatty, late of the Atlanta Hawks, will be playing with them then, giving the Stars a center to match Indiana's Daniels. They will also have rare depth at that position since Raymond is already better than many of the reserve pivots in the NBA.

Still, realists in the ABA like Bob Leonard concede that the older league remains much superior. ABA centers, including Daniels, have not begun to dominate games the way NBA pivots do and the ABA's starting guards are smaller, too much so for their quickness to compensate. Even more noticeable on both sides in the Los Angeles-Indiana series was the absence, aside from Brown, of truly complete players, who are usually found in twos and threes on the better NBA teams.

END

THIS SAINT HAS BEEN CALLED A SINNER

The NFL has asked Ernie Wheelwright, a New Orleans back, to get out of a bar with Mafia connections. Wheels has refused **by MORTON SHARNIK**

Just week in his office at 410 Park Avenue, in New York, where the lush beige carpet, indirect lighting and rich paneling bespeak prosperity, NFL Commissioner Alvin Ray (Pete) Rozelle talked of the great peaks still ahead of pro football—and the pitfalls that surrounded them. At the moment it was the pitfalls that had his attention. He had a problem and so did the National Football League. However, all he would say was, "I cannot go into the details of the Ernie Wheelwright case because it is still under investigation." Instead, the commissioner spoke of the game's great expectations: the expanding market, televising games to Europe, CATV. Rozelle was opening a door on the future and it had a nice golden glow. But there are two doors to the room at the top of the stairs—one in and one out. And the commissioner was also thinking of the fast-rising competition, pro basketball—and the impact of possible scandal.

In some ways Rozelle was a different man than he had been last year at this time, just before the Bachelors III-Joe Namath affair. New lines had been etched in his face by the crises—and responsibilities—of the past 12 months. At this point in history he might have been shouting for law and order; instead he was reasonable and thoughtful. "The game must have the complete confidence of the public," he said. "Some people always think the worst and if you give them any peg to hang it on you're in trouble. On the other hand, it's such a quick life for the players. Just a short term and it's over. You can't blame them for wanting to get it while they can, but—"

Earlier in the week a bewildered Ernest Lamour Wheelwright, a 30-year-old, second-string running back for the New Orleans Saints (known to everyone, including his wife Audrey, as Wheels), sat in his newly opened bar-lounge, formerly Soul City and now Ernie Wheel-

wright's Central Park South, and pondered the circumstances of his life.

Like Rozelle, Wheelwright was worrying about the future. "I'm 30 years old and for a running back that's getting on," he said. "I'm in good shape, so maybe I could play for another four years or more, but that doomsday always comes quicker than you want—and then what? I wanted to go into PR work—I worked at it in New York when I was with the Giants—but I couldn't find a job like that down here."

Wheels contends that off-season employment for black players in New Orleans is limited to manual labor. "One of my black teammates pumped gas," he said. "Imagine a man playing for the NFL and pumping gas! During the season you go to parties, and the respectable people slap you on the back and say look me up after the season and we'll talk about a job. When you do, they're out and don't return your call, or they tell you the time isn't right, the area isn't ready. Hell, they're going to the moon, they've been there two or three times, yet New Orleans isn't ready for a black man to wear a coat and tie and sit at a desk! Even a black man has to live 12 months a year."

The frustrations of job hunting in the South led to the decision to open a bar-lounge. The idea was originally his wife's. Although born and raised in Bridgeport, Conn., she likes New Orleans and wanted her husband to remain there in the off season. "Wheels," she told me, "says Wheelwright, 'there's a market for a high-class black club with soul music.'"

Last February, Wheelwright began negotiations to buy the shuttered Soul City in Metairie, outside New Orleans. On April 17, before he had completed extensive repairs on the club and a month before it opened, Bernie Jackson, the NFL's security lawyer, arrived in New Orleans. "I was told to come to Vic Schwenk's office," Wheelwright recalls

(Schwenk is the Saints' general manager). "Jackson was there. He tells me it's best if you walk away, Ernie. Close a dream? Walk away from months of hard work, frustration and pain? For what?"

The reason the NFL made the request (Rozelle and Jackson insist it was a request; Wheels and others understood it to be a command) is that the man law-enforcement authorities believe to be the true owner of the building, and the bar's landlord, is Carlos Marcello, known as the Little Man, the most powerful Mafia figure on the Gulf Coast. Marcello's name doesn't appear on the title; instead, A. J. Graffagnino, a lawyer who has often represented him (and, Graffagnino points out, the PTA), is the owner of record and insists he is the owner in fact. Federal authorities have learned that Graffagnino is a close personal friend of Marcello. Moreover, Jefferson Parish records are thick with documents tying the ownership of the building to the Marcellos—notably Carlos' brother Joe Jr. and his son Joe C., through whom Carlos sometimes does business. Joe C. (known as Little Joe) first appears on the records on Sept. 3, 1964, when he purchased the building from one Peter A. Rauch. A year later Joe C. sold it to Drs. Sam Weiner and Edward Lively, who ran a night club called the A1bbs. But the club failed and the building was sold back to Joe C. at a sheriff's sale on Oct. 4, 1967. On June 29, 1968, Graffagnino, according to the records, purchased the building from Joe C. for \$100,000. At the same time another document was filed relating to the sale of the property. It reads: "And now to these presents come Joe Marcello Jr. . . . He does . . . assign unto the purchaser . . . his one-half interest . . . which said interest is evidenced by a counter letter (dated Sept. 3, 1964). . . ."

That document reveals for the first time that Joe Jr. (better known as Big Joe and Carlos' possible heir) had been a partner of Little Joe all along. Big Joe Marcello is one of the lucky Mafia members who left the Appalachia conference before the raid and escaped. He wasn't as lucky a few years later when the Mafia royalty met again in La Stella restaurant in Queens, New York. This time he was arrested along with 12 other top Mafiosi. A grand jury investigated the 13 but no one was indicted.

Also among the documents is a lease between Graffagnino and the pre-



Whisnwright poses in front of his bar in Metairie, La., which still carries its former name.

vious tenant, Soul City, Inc., that calls for the rent to be paid at 1225 Airline Highway, which is the address of the Marcellos' Town and Country Motel as well as Carlos' headquarters.

In addition, suit was filed on Nov. 25, 1969 by the proprietors of Soul City, Inc., alleging that Joe C. Marcello and Joe Marcello Jr. were the real owners of the property and that Graffagnino was the agent. The suit was apparently settled, so these allegations have never been answered.

The lack of concrete evidence tying the ownership of the building to Carlos Marcello doesn't surprise New Orleans and federal law-enforcement agencies. Marcello's *modus operandi* is to remain hidden and remote, working behind straw men. Although he is only 5' 4", there is nothing small about the Little Man's clout. Both federal and local authorities consider Carlos Marcello to be the *Capo Dow* of the Gulf Coast, the head of crime in Louisiana and neighboring states. Through another brother, Sammy Marcello, the Little Man is the overlord of widespread gambling interests. Currently the Marcello brothers and their illegal activities are the prime preoccupation of the New Orleans press and TV stations, as well as the subject of a recently impaneled legislative committee investigating allegations of the influence of organized crime on state and local government in Louisiana.

The fact that the Marcellos, or their close associates, have a strong interest in the bar-and-lounge business in and around New Orleans adds to the NFL's alarm. The league had been through a period of great concern over the fact that Diamond Jim Moran's, a Bourbon Street restaurant frequented by Sammy Marcello and other gamblers, was also being patronized by Saint players. The possibility of Ernie Wheelwright's Central Park South becoming a hangout for the Saints and visiting players appalled the league.

Then there is the history of the bar when it was called Soul City. "Big Joe and Little Joe hung out there," says Walter E. Lightell, captain of the intelligence division of the Jefferson Parish sheriff's office. "Soul City was known as a People's [Mafia] joint." Intelligence reports relate that leading dope peddlers were frequently on the premises, along with other undesirables. The place was so bad

continued



Saints' Security Men Fred Williams approved bar.



Lawyer A. J. Greffois vows he, not Mafia, is owner.



Sheriff Alwynn Cronich says that Wheels is honest

that a detail of uniformed narcotics policemen was once jumped and beaten in the parking lot.

"I sent a car over, picked Wheelwright up and brought him to the office and ran it all down for him," says Lightell. "I told him we would watch the premises carefully and that he'd better be careful. The first night the club was open there were more police than customers. He told me he wanted to cooperate and run a clean, trouble-free establishment, and I think he was sincere. So far he's had a high-class, orderly crowd. But he knows we're watching. I warned him, if you're in you're never out. Once you sign the lease you're stuck."

Wheelwright's persistence in opening the bar-lounge might seem foolhardy, but this isn't entirely true. Wheels is a pleasant, reasonable man with a reputation for respect and leadership on the team. Now he visualizes himself as a crusader. "I see myself fighting for free enterprise," he says. "There's opportunity here in New Orleans and I'm going to prove it. I've been pushed and I've been knocked around and I won't stand for it. When Central Park South was Soul City, black people weren't allowed in. How heavy can you get? What I want to have is a place where blacks and whites can sit down, laugh, drink and listen to good music together."

Despite his intransigence, Wheelwright seems to be a victim. "I have no evidence to make me believe that Ernie is other than innocent—an honest man," says Sheriff Alwynn Cronich of Jefferson Parish. "I feel that Ernie is in business for himself. I don't think he's a front man, but I do believe the Marcellos own the building. Someone gave Wheelwright very bad advice."

The bad advice came from a very good source, and this further complicates the matter for Rozelle, who is faced with a problem of meting out justice while at the same time securing the reputation of the NFL. The latter has priority, but Rozelle is proceeding cautiously because there is so much at stake and because his ultimate decision will establish policy in a very tricky area. "The NFL is not a police state," says Rozelle. "The league cannot tell a player not to go into a business, but it has constantly admonished extreme care as to whom he does business with."

To help in this complex area, the NFL has a counseling service. Its function is

not only to protect against improper business relationships, but to prevent losses through high-risk investments. So far the service has frowned on at least 20% of the suggested deals.

Although the league has repeatedly told its players to get in touch with the NFL office for advice, few have done so. Then, too, the players seldom avail themselves of a special employment counseling bureau, headed by Buddy Young, which should be especially valuable to black players.

In the Wheelwright case, however, the Saints' management was negligent. Instead of telling Wheels to approach the league office when he came to discuss opening a night club, Owner John McCom Jr. called in Fred I. Williams, a part-time security officer for the Saints and a full-time detective sergeant assigned to New Orleans District Attorney Jim Garrison. Williams, apparently unaware that the NFL has repeatedly told its players to seek the league's advice on such matters, sent Wheelwright to a lawyer named James Quaid.

Wheelwright submitted the names of two night clubs to Williams—The Nite Cap and Soul City. Williams turned down the first. For Soul City, he gave approval of sorts. "I felt if you went to your owner and then to your so-called security officer, then you have hit the apex," says Wheelwright. "When the league gave me the word to get out, Audrey asked me, 'Wheels, what do you want to do?' What could I say? I was no All-America. I was just another guy. I broke in the New York Giants' camp with Joe Don Looney, and he'd always talk about buying an island. I told him he got enough money to buy Hawaii. I got nothing to sign and I was happy to be there. It meant the whole world to be there, just to get a chance. Pro football has been good to me, but I only played because I worked for it. I had to or else a guy with a no cut contract would be here now. But I can't give up the club. We named the corporation for my 2-year-old son, Eric. Eric Inc. Now it's the family joke. When I come home I ask, 'How's the corporation?' and Audrey laughs and says, 'Sleeping.' See, I can't let it go."

None of the principals is completely blameless in the Wheelwright case, but Williams and Quaid deserve special attention. There is reason to believe they both let Wheelwright down. Williams

continued

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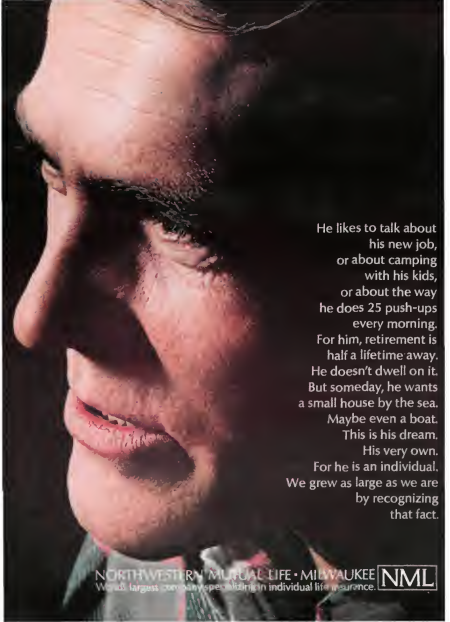
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claims his approval was tentative and based only on the financial potential of Soul City. "All I did," Williams says, "was to recommend a lawyer who was Wheelwright's friend and the landlord of his residence, and a man once named Crime Fighter of the Year."

Aaron M. Kohn, managing director of Metropolitan Crime Commission of New Orleans, Inc., the organization which Williams said presented the award, denies that Quaid received it. "I once applauded Quaid for a good start in directing a grand jury," Kohn says, "but he never followed through, and accomplished nothing."

Williams' Crime Fighter of the Year made a study of the title—yet he approved the deal, contending that Graf-fagnino was in fact the owner of the property. Moreover, Quaid claims that he is the victim, not Wheelwright. "Wheels had me treading water for five contracts," he says. "Each time he had another story about where he was going to get the money. He had bad short-its, so I finally came up with \$3,000 of my own monny and a \$5,000 treasury bond. I saw a chance to make money, so I got in the deal myself."

"I wanted a lawyer, not a partner," replies Wheelwright. "Quaid had it all arranged he was going to be the secretary-treasurer—any fool knows that's the guy who runs the business." Quaid didn't become a partner, and it wasn't until Wheelwright changed lawyers that he obtained a low interest loan of \$5,000 from the TAC Amusement Company, and a \$1,500 loan from a tobacco company and was able to buy Soul City. His new lawyer, Lawrence L. Lagarde Jr., was a law associate of New Orleans Mayor Moon Landrieu, and is an attorney for TAC, and the plan is for Wheels to repay the loans from the proceeds of the jukebox and the cigarette machine. Says Wheels: "That's the way to do business. Pay them back with their own money." Maybe.

But if Wheelwright continues to do business, he won't be playing football next fall. Perhaps a compromise can be worked out whereby Wheelwright gives up the bar and is at least partially reimbursed for his expenses. Although the league is moving cautiously, the issues are clear-cut: a player's business associates must be above suspicion. Rozelle says firmly, "The good of the game has to come first."

END



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THE BEST OF THEM



In his diary on the 1969 tour, leading money-winner Frank Beard included many insights into the attitudes and life-styles of his fellow professionals. Here is a collection of his observations—views that sometimes changed as the year progressed but add up to a sensitive commentary on golf's best players.

BURN AND BURN



ARNOLD PALMER Arnie is a strange guy. He's one of the greatest golfers of all time and he seems to be pretty outgoing with the fans and the press, but he keeps to himself when it comes to the players. I never see Arnie away from the course, never see him or Jack Nicklaus or Billy Casper. They live in their own world, and their world has very little to do with mine. They don't play bridge with the other pros. They don't hang around motels. I know the names of everybody's wife and kids, and I'd bet Arnie doesn't even know how many children I've got or whether they're boys or girls.

Arnie's reached a special status with us, and he knows

it. I don't mean he demands that you bow down to him, but you have to let him know, one way or another, that you know he's Arnold Palmer. I dread every round I play with Palmer, Nicklaus, Casper and possibly Gary Player, but playing with Palmer is far and away the worst. It's got nothing to do with Arnie personally. Arnie's easy to play with—he concentrates, he doesn't say much, he's fast, he always knows whose shot it is—but Arnie's Army is impossible. They run and stampede to see Arnie. They knock you down. They know nothing about golf etiquette. They have no regard for anyone who's playing with Palmer. They're center-field-bleacher types. They're just *countdown*

looking for someone to go. They look at the paper and they say, "Hey, Arnie's in town, let's go see him." They don't understand the game at all. They wouldn't appreciate it if he did the greatest thing in the world. If he poes in the fairway, they're happy.

We had to wait 10 minutes today till a PGA official could be found to rule on whether Arnie was out of bounds or should get a free lift. I was really irritated. I didn't want to lose my momentum, but I just had to sit and wait. Finally, the official showed up and ruled a free lift for Arnie, and then Arnie played a fair chip shot through the crowd to the back fringe of the green. He was just a few inches off the green, maybe 25 feet from the hole, and he stepped up with a putter and stroked the ball into the cup. The crowd started screaming and hollering as if he had brought someone back from the dead.

Meanwhile, before the ruling, I'd hit a good chip shot within 2½ or three feet of the cup, and all I'd gotten was a couple of pitter-patters. It wasn't Arnie's fault—he can't help it if the crowd acts like he's God—but I was so upset after the long wait for the ruling that I missed my little putt and had to settle for a par. The crowd didn't care. They'd already gone stomping off to the next tee.

I read in the papers today that Arnie says his hip has stopped bothering him, that he's cured and ready to go. Arnie's had a bad hip the past year or two, but I think his troubles on the golf course go deeper than that. I'm afraid he's just a little over the hill. When you're a professional athlete and you turn 40, which is what Arnie is this year, you're not at a physical peak anymore. Besides, he's a millionaire many times over by now, and I suppose that when you win everything there is to win, you lose your desire, your hunger. I can't speak with any authority about that, because I haven't been there.

The king was cheerful, considering that he shot a 74 today after setting a course record with a 64 in the pro-am. I don't know why he keeps trying. He's won everything there is, he's got all the money he'll ever need and now, each time he comes out on the course, the fans who don't know any better expect to see him charge. He can't. It must be as embar-

assing as hell. If I were Arnie, I'd hang it up and forget it. But let me make one thing plain. When I collect prize money, I mentally thank Arnie for 25¢ out of every dollar. I honestly think that's Arnie's contribution to the tour—25¢ of every purse—and I'm grateful for it.

BILLY CASPER

The finest golfer on the tour today is Casper. He's ahead of Nicklaus, Palmer, everybody. He's an absolute perfectionist—a beautiful putter, a good thinker. He does everything well.

On the first tee today Cas was his usual pseudojoyful self. He used to be a pretty drab fellow, but somebody got hold of him and told him if he was ever going to be a great personality in the sports world he'd have to shape up. So now he throws out corny lines to the crowd and tries to pretend he's a comedian. It just isn't like Billy at all. He's really a serious, mature type, but I guess that isn't a very profitable image.

Billy's allergies have become something of a joke among the other pros; I know Billy, and I'm sure he's sincere, but the fact that his allergies never keep him out of the Masters or the U.S. Open or the PGA or the \$250,000 Westchester Classic makes some of the guys a little suspicious. They figure Billy ought to just play golf and forget his allergies.

JACK NICKLAUS

Cas'll be winning his share of the money for a few more years, but I think Palmer's definitely finished and Nicklaus—the Jack Nicklaus we've known for most of the 1960s—is through. I don't think Jack's ever going to have another good year on the tour. Of course, I'm speaking relatively; a bad year for Jack is a great one for almost anyone else. But on sheer talent, on the ability to hit a golf ball far and straight and get it into the cup, Jack ought to win one out of every three tournaments; he's that good. But, like Arnie, Jack doesn't have any goals left; he has nothing to prove.

Actually, I'm hoping that a new superstar comes along or that somebody like Nicklaus makes a tremendous comeback. My reasoning's purely selfish. We need a superstar, somebody colorful, to lift professional golf up to the next plateau, up to where the tournament minimum becomes \$150,000 or \$200,000, and I know old Frank's not going to fill that bill.

In the locker room I saw Nicklaus, and I thought I might be able to give him a little tip on his putting. I mentioned that he was picking up his putter when he drew it back. The rule is to bring the putter back low and slow.

"I know," Jack said. "I know I'm picking it up. But when I don't pick it up on Bermuda grass, I catch it." Jack didn't sound really depressed, the way I get sometimes, but he wasn't happy, either. I never thought I'd see him having such trouble with this game.

I was really surprised by the way Jack played. He used a new driver, one with a weak, ladylike shaft, and he lost a lot of distance with it, maybe 20 or 25 yards a drive. Every time he got to the top of his backswing that club bent like a bow. A guy like Jack ought to use a stiff shaft. With his strength, he ought to use an ax handle.

Jack is a golf champion, no question about that, one of the greatest players ever. If you judge by the past few years, the four greatest golfers in the world are Nicklaus, Palmer, Casper and Julie Boros. I have nothing against any of them personally, but they're all off by themselves. They're isolated.

Cas tries harder to be friendly than the others do, but he's still in his own world. Palmer and Nicklaus don't have much contact with anybody except each other, and that's mostly because they get thrown together in business deals. I don't think either of them really enjoys the other's company. And Boros doesn't have anything to do with anybody.

What I'm saying has nothing to do with these guys personally. I'm talking about them as champions, about the special life, the special style, of the champions. Leo Durocher once said, "Nice guys finish last." I don't go along with that exactly. I modify it a little. I say, "Nice guys don't finish first." You have to understand my definition of "nice guy." I'm really talking about just one thing. My definition of a nice guy is somebody who puts other people first, who puts their feelings, needs and desires ahead of his own. The opposite side is the guy who always puts himself No. 1 and everybody else second. My idea of the nice guy is somebody like Al Geisberger. He's as sweet a person as you could ever want to meet. He's friendly. He's considerate. And he's a helluva golf-

er. But he's never been No. 1, and he'll never be No. 1. He isn't egocentric enough. He isn't selfish enough. The No. 1 guys have to be almost totally self-centered (see cover). They have to possess an incredible burning for success. They have to ignore their friends and their enemies and sometimes their families, and they have to concentrate entirely upon winning, upon being No. 1. There's no other way to get to the top.

I'm sure I sound harsh, but I'm not really condemning them. They've got what we all want. They've got financial independence. They've got prestige. They've got power. I don't know anybody who wouldn't like to have his own airplane and his own secretaries and his own companies. There are many days I wish I had their singleness of purpose. But I don't. I don't mean I'm too nice a guy. I mean it's not my way. If I tried it, I'd fail. I couldn't survive that constant intensity, that constant burning. I admire—hell, I envy—their ability to burn and burn and burn.

GARY PLAYER

At breakfast a few of us were talking about an article Player's just written. It's called *Joe Now and Win Later* or something like that. Gary's a physical-fitness bug, and I asked Harold Henning if all that exercising really helped his fellow South African's game.

"When I'm playing Gary head to head in a tournament," said Harold, "I'll walk up to him on the tee and say, 'Gary, you don't look well. Do you feel all right? Have you lost some weight? Have you been ill?'"

"Immediately, Gary starts worrying. 'Do you really think so?' he says. 'Do I look ill?'"

"From then on, he's mute. Just make a reference to his health, and that'll take care of him every time."

BEN HOGAN

In my opinion, Hogan is far and away the greatest golfer who ever lived, and there isn't even anybody in second place. A couple of years ago I played an exhibition with Ben and spent an evening talking with him, and I found that the image I had of him, the image that had been built up by the press and by the players, too, was all wrong. He was full of warmth and humor, eager to talk about his days on the tour, easy to listen to. I've got my own theory about Hogan. I

think that one day, when he was in his 20s, he flat decided he was going to be the greatest golfer ever, and for the next 20 years he shut everything out of his life except golf. I don't think it was his natural way, but he put himself in a box and nobody and nothing could penetrate that box.

Hogan paid a big price to be the best—he gave up social life, friendships, everything; he dehumanized himself—and I think he always knew how big the price was. Now, with everything proven and competition behind him, I think he's trying to make up for all the years he lost. He's returned to his natural, friendly ways. He was my biggest hero in golf, and he still is.

LEE TREVINO

As I was leaving the clubhouse today I passed Lee Trevino packing up his car, wearing his cowboy hat and his cowboy boots. I couldn't help but notice that he had a bigger crowd watching him load his car than I'd had watching me shoot my 66. He's got something I'll never have, an ability to have fun and let other people have fun watching him. The other day he was on the practice tee, hitting a few seven-irons, and as he lofted one up some lady said, "Oh, that's beautiful. Simply beautiful."

Lee whipped around and said, "Look, lady, I'm the U.S. Open champion. What did you expect—ground balls?"

Lee laughed, the lady laughed and the whole crowd laughed.

I could never act like that, but I'm glad Lee does. I'm not jealous I'm grateful. He brings the people through the gate.

Lee said today he'd never seen so much rain in his life. "Beard," he said, "I'm going to have to pump some sunshine up from El Paso. I haven't seen the sun in four weeks. If it doesn't come out soon, when I get back to El Paso they're gonna let me sit in the front of the bus."

Trevino and I were headed for Mexico City together, and during the plane ride Lee found himself a couple of rich-looking Mexicans. They asked him why he was going to Mexico City, and he said he was Lee Trevino and he was going to play a golf match. They'd never heard of Lee, but they said that if he wanted a match they knew a player they'd be willing to bet on, for about \$10,000.

Lee's eyes got as big as half dollars. "You're on," he said.

"No checks," they said. "Cash." "I'll find the cash," Lee said.

Finally, a stewardess or somebody told the two Mexicans who Lee was, and they backed out. But Lee almost had himself two beautiful pigeons.

Trevino is an absolute nut. He went around all day chatting with the crowd, laughing, smiling and, at the same time, shooting a 67 and a 68. I don't know how he does it. If I started gabbling like Lee, I'd shoot 100.

ORVILLE MOODY

It was so cold and windy today I had to go back to my room and put on my long underwear and my long turtleneck shirt and start up my hand warmer. On the putting green, before I teed off, I got to talking with Orville Moody, the Army sergeant who started on the pro tour last year at the age of 34. "I hope it blows 40 miles an hour," Orville was saying. "Cause if it does, I'll pass me a few cats today." Orville told me he learned to play golf in El Paso, and he got used to playing in 40-mile-an-hour winds. "I sure hope it blows and blows and blows," he said.

I was playing with Dave Stockton and Jacky Cupit, and I told Dave what Orville had said. Once we started, the wind really whipped up, and every time I hit what looked like a perfect shot the wind blew it off line. "I hope it's blowing hard enough for Orville," I kept yelling to Dave. Then Dave'd hit a shot, and the wind'd sweep it away, and he'd shout back to me, "I hope Orville's happy."

We couldn't wait to see what Orville shot. The scores were really high; only four guys broke 70 all day. "Orville probably got himself an 80," I said.

We looked at the board and old Orville had come in through the wind with a 69. Dave and I stopped laughing.

Orville played early today, and he came up to me just before I teed off and told me he'd shot a 74. "The weather fouled me up," Sarge said. It was an absolutely beautiful day.

DOUG SANDERS

Doug was in his lavender outfit today—lavender shirt, lavender slacks, lavender shoes and lavender golf bag. I hadn't seen him in a few weeks, and he ex-

continued

plained he's been down in Houston, fishing and playing tennis with his son. I'm worried about Doug and about his game. He slumped last year, he hasn't done a thing this year, and with all his color and glamour I'd hate to see him just drop out of the picture.

I may know why his game is going. When I first came on the tour, Gardner Dickinson took me aside one day. "I like the way you hit the ball," he said. "You've got a good future in this game, but you've got to do one thing. You've got to lengthen your swing. As you get older, your muscles tend to contract and shorten your swing. If you start with a big swing now, it won't bother you so much later."

I don't know how sound Gardner's theory is medically, but way back then he predicted that Sanders would have trouble in five or six years. Doug's swing is so compact it's become famous: the standard line is that Doug could swing in a telephone booth. If you accept Gardner's theory—and it may explain why Sam Snead and Julie Boros, with their big swings, have lasted so long—then Doug couldn't afford to lose any of his swing. Now he has. His swing used to be short and smooth, but now it's short and choppy.

Before my round, Doug asked me for a putting lesson. He was using three different putters on the practice green, and maybe four different grips and six different strokes. He is never going to make another putt if he doesn't stop fooling around. He used to have one of the best putting strokes on the tour, but now his confidence is shot.

LIONEL HEBERT

Lionel Hebert's been a playing pro for almost 20 years, and he is still a fine golfer. He and his brother Jay and Gardner Dickinson are very close—they travel together and stay together—and they're three brilliant golfers who've won a bunch of tournaments. All the rest of us on the tour respect these fellows for both their records and their ability, but once in a while we like to tease them, in a friendly way, about how hard they work trying to find exactly the proper swing and proper shot for every situation.

Lionel, Jay and Gardner are fanatics on mechanics, on working on the swing, on experimenting. When they play a golf

course, they feel they have to hit a perfect shot for each stroke on each hole. They've got to fade a little three iron in, or hook a little six-iron, or pinch a little wedge. And all three of them, except maybe Lionel, are almost embarrassed when they have good putting rounds. They don't think putting's an art like hitting picture shots. They're artists, all right, but over the years, if they'd just played their games and left all the mechanics alone, they might have run away from the rest of the tour.

Lionel works so hard on his game he always looks amazed when he makes a mechanical mistake. The other day, I heard, he took a two-iron, stepped up and hit the ball so fat he tore up the turf and splattered mud all over himself. His shot was right on line, but the ball fell 30 yards short of the green. With mud dripping from him and from his two-iron, Lionel shook his head. "I'll never learn to take the right club," he said.

GARDNER DICKINSON

On the putting green today, Gardner walked up and asked for advice. He thinks I'm the best putter on the whole tour. "Hey, give me something quick," he said. "I got to go out there and play and I got the yips so bad I can't make a putt the length of my foot."

"Let me see you hit a few," I said.

I watched Gardner putt and, as far as I could tell, there was nothing wrong with his stroke. In fact, he's got one of the best strokes on the tour. But I knew I couldn't just tell Gardner he was putting well; that wouldn't help him any.

"You're a little wisty," I said. "Try to cut down the wrist a bit and come through with a stiff arm."

He hadn't been using hardly any wrist, anyway.

"I'll try it," he said.

Then Flip putted a few, turned to me and said, "Man, that feels good. That's it. Thank you, Frank." He went out and played right in front of me, and I saw him sink some good putts. He shot a 68. I guess he thought I was a genius.

CHARLIE COODY

One of my closest friends on the tour is Charlie Coody. We get along very well, and I love him to death, but he's like an old grandmother at times. He's so slow getting ready in the morning. He's so slow doing everything. He's so me-

ticulous. He likes to go to bed precisely 12 hours before he's going to tee off. If he's got a 9:12 a.m. tee time, he tries to go to bed at 9:12 p.m. He keeps records on everything he does in golf. He keeps every one of his scores, the number of greens he hit, fairways hit, fairways missed, putts, chips-in, bunker shots up and down, bunker shots missed, everything you can imagine. I don't think it helps him a lick.

He keeps track of his money the same way. I'm not a big spender, not by far, but Charlie really pinches his pennies. He writes down every cent he spends. I remember one time last year he got all upset because his records didn't balance. He was missing one penny, honest to God, one penny short. He turned to his wife Lynette, and he wanted to know where that penny went.

Lynette got so mad at him, she just said, "I put it in the gum machine for a piece of gum." I just about died laughing. I suppose old Charlie put it down in his records: one penny for gum.

I see on the final 1969 money list my friend Charlie made \$79,996.26. That's a lot of cash to take out of circulation.

HAROLD HENNING

"Harry the Horse" is a South African, a solid player and one of the cointerests in the tour. Money means nothing to Henning. He loves to gamble, loves to spend. Most of the time his family tours with him, and he always takes two motel rooms, one for his wife and children, one for himself. He thinks that's essential for him to be able to play well. He calls his own room "The Bridge Room." He's probably the best bridge player on the tour.

On the course, Harold's a wild scrambler. He's got a less than classic golf swing, and he's not exactly perfect from tee to green. The other day he was paired with George Knudson. George is really an artist, a picture player. While George was playing his usual classic game, Harold was hitting little old toe hooks off the tee and yelling, "Run, you beauty, run! Stay away from that rough, you beauty!" Harold beat George easy.

MARTY FLECKMAN

The guys were teasing Marty Fleckman this morning with a new nickname. They're calling him the Easter Bunny because he's hitting the ball so wild that

continued



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Better things for better living
through chemistry

FRANK BEARD continued

every time he drives he has to go on an Easter egg hunt to find it in the woods. Marty's a good boy, and he took the kidding pretty well, but I know his game must really be bothering him. He's got a world of potential. He led the 1967 U.S. Open after three rounds as an amateur, and he won the 1967 Cajon Classic, which was only his third or fourth professional tournament. But so far this year he's missed the cut seven times in nine tournaments. He wouldn't be human if he weren't worrying.

Marty is getting upset about his nickname. When he went to his locker this morning he picked up his box of golf balls, opened it and found, instead of balls, a dozen painted Easter eggs. Marty exploded. He didn't find the eggs amusing at all.

BRUCE DEVLIN

Devlin, an Australian, is one of the most likable people on the tour. I hate to go out of the United States, to England or the Far East or even to Canada—I just don't enjoy being in any other country—yet I find the foreign players, golfers like Devlin and Henning and Tony Jacklin, to be more interesting and pleasant than the Americans. They seem more intelligent, more polite and more aware of things that are going on.

Bruce is one of the very few golfers I've ever heard of who took the time—and heartbreak and nerve—to change his whole golf game in the middle of his career. From 1964 through 1966 he was always among the top 20 money-winners. He had a fine game, but he had one flaw that prevented him from moving up among the top stars: he had a very strong grip, which made him a definite hooker.

At the end of 1966, when he'd won about \$50,000 for the year, he decided he was going to get rid of the flaw. He moved his left hand over on top of the club, weakening his grip to eliminate the hook. For a full year, while he tried to master a new style of play, Bruce gave up any chance of winning a tournament. This took an awful lot of intestinal fortitude. His earnings fell to around \$12,000 in 1967, and he slipped right out of the top 60. But last year, using his new game, he bounced back. He finished second in the Crosby and fourth in the Masters and won about \$40,000. And he's sure to keep winning.

BERT YANCEY

I was chatting with Miller Barber, and the subject of his final-round 78 in the U.S. Open came up. "No sense thinking about it," Miller said. "What am I supposed to do, cut my throat?" Just then Bert Yancey walked over. "I know how you feel," Bert said. "I've been there, too."

Bert was referring to his own finish in the Open last year; he went into the last round a stroke ahead of Trevino but blew all the way up to a 76 and finished third. I was surprised Bert brought up his own collapse. I thought he would've pushed it out of his mind by now, but I guess you can't forget something like that so easily. Bert may have that thing preying on him every time he gets into contention in a major tournament. I wonder about that. On the other hand, I've never seen a player so dedicated to winning a major championship. That's all Bert thinks about.

BRUCE CRAMPTON

Bruce Crampton has a great golf game, he may even have the ability to be the best on the tour, but he seems to think he's the unluckiest man in the world. If he hits a putt and it lips out, he'll say, "It couldn't have gone in. I putted it, didn't I?" Or if he hits a ball into a bunker, he'll say, "Well, that one's sure to be buried." Here's a fellow who's made a quarter of a million dollars in less than five years and he's convinced that he never gets a break.

I got him upset today. On the 2nd hole I hit a shot that landed just short of the green, bounced over a bunker and rolled up toward the cup. "That's the luckiest thing I've ever seen," Bruce said. "If that was my ball, it would have buried in the bunker."

Two holes later I hit an iron out of the rough, and my ball bounced over another bunker and almost on the green. Crampton threw his arms up. "That's it," he said. "That's it, I've never seen anybody so lucky in my life. I can't believe it. You better put a chapter in your book about how lucky you are."

FRANK BEARD

I want it on the record. I've got a wonderful family. I really like almost every man on the tour and I won \$175,000 this past year playing a game I love. I may moan and groan a lot, but I know one thing—I'm a lucky guy.

END

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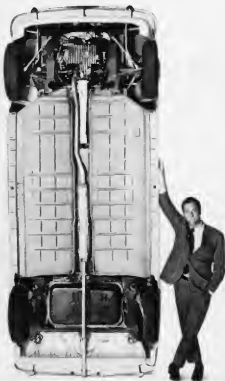
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The vacation season puts wheels under millions of U.S. travelers who contrive to rough it the easy way—by means of campers. Not since the car itself has any device so transformed recreational habits



Camping Out with All the Conveniences

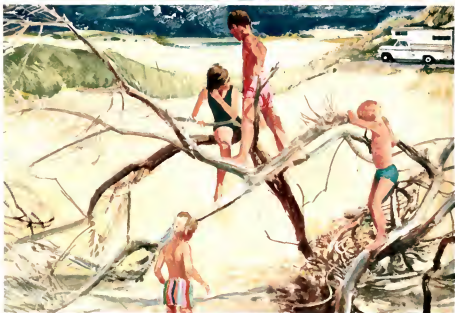
One of the more remarkable sights a traveler is sure to see during this vacation season is a whacking big motor home to the back of which is affixed a tiny car. Like their counterparts afloat, the cruising boat and its dinghy, come sundown they will find an anchorage and the skipper will row the Volks over to the laundromat and grocery store. This is one aspect of a recreational-vehicle boom that has transformed the travel habits of three million American families, caused campgrounds to sprout in surprising numbers and earned a fat dollar for an industry that was pretty small stuff just a decade ago. Today it is a billion-dollar-a-year manufacturing business, nourished in the simple truth that not every American necessarily wants to rough it when he sets out to gaze at a purple mountain's majesty. The amenities range from the cookstove, refrigerator and tentlike shelter extensions of the smallest pop-up trailers, such as the one above, which can be had for \$1,000 or less, to the carpeted spaciousness of self-enclosed motor homes that can run \$15,000 and more. In the Robert Handville sampler of camping sites on the following pages you will notice a variety of rigs, all crewed by members of the first American generation to be obsessed by a quaint new concern—that of parking level. The nature of the iceboxes in these campers is to stop working if they are on a slant.

As in the early days of the automobile, small manufacturers have proliferated—production quadrupled between 1961 and 1968—but the nationwide economic slowdown has begun to pinch the marginal companies. For the most efficient ones, business continues to be better than good. Winnebago, an Iowa-based firm, is the largest and has recently been crowing over a 32% rise in sales

and earnings for fiscal 1969 over 1968, not to mention record sales for March and April. Dodge's niche as the No. 1 chassis supplier in the motor-home field has given it some cheer in an otherwise grim season. Rent-a-camper enterprises are flourishing. Their wheels, like sites at the better campgrounds, often require advance reservations.

Outdoor purists of the backpack breed view motorized campers as unwelcome intruders in their domains, but they are faced with an irreversible trend. The impulse to escape urban congestion, however briefly; the speed and range of the camper; the freedom from dependence on motels and hotels all conspire to accelerate the camper phenomenon. An increasing number of Northern campgrounds are remaining open into the cold months to serve winter sportsmen. Some ski areas allow overnight stays in their parking lots—no small incentive to the skiing-camping family that has begun to stub its budget on the cost of lodging. Après skiing suffers somewhat—there are no camper fireplaces as yet—but, ah, how near the lifts are in the morning. And entirely apart from what one might consider normal recreational uses there has developed a new and decidedly American wrinkle—the motor home as retirement home. Winnebago, for example, sells half its motor homes to retired people. Grandfather's farm has shrunk and grown wheels. You don't visit it; it visits you.

At seaside destinations such as these on Cape Cod, one may drive in and enjoy the surroundings with a minimum of fussing.





The Grand Teton mountains of Wyoming crown one of the most beautiful, and beautifully conceived, areas for camping in the U.S. Travelers may live in a rustic way, as above, or choose the full-hookup conveniences of Colter Bay Village, a jewel of its kind. Riding and climbing are within easy reach, and somehow the people don't seem to spoil the scenery.





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The austere simplicity of California's Borrego Palm Canyon (above) contrasts with the organized goings-on at San Diego's Mission Bay, where fiddlers play at barbecues and sail's skin the waters.

PEOPLE

With his shot to the head of tennis partner Joseph H. Blatchford during the recent celebrity tennis tournament in Washington, Vice President Spiro T. Agnew seems bent upon a course of circumferential escalation. Some pundits warn that bowling may be next. Others fear he will abandon ball games in favor of archery.

★ **Se. Bonaventure All-America Bob Lanier** was adopted by the Seneca nation on its Allegheny reservation in a ceremony both simple and dignified—until his official sponsor and tribal brother, Tom Printup, tried to set the basketball player's head dress in place. Lanier is 6' 11", Printup is 5' 8". Chief Richard Johnjohn conducted the ceremonies, bestowing the name *Ha-You-Non-Dace He Who Leaves Tracks*, upon Lanier. Mrs. Clara Redeye, Lanier's new clan mother, gave him a corn-buck doll and Printup presented a

cow-horn rattle. A reception, with three immense cakes and plenty of punch, followed, after which *He Who Leaves Tracks* (size 22) had to make them, owing to a final exam the next morning.

"As with the White House guard hat, the adoption of this helmet can mean only one more humiliation for Washington-area residents." So said the outraged letter a Washington graphics firm sent off to **Edward Bennett Williams**, four TV stations, a number of newspapers and the president of the Metropolitan Washington Art Directors Club on the vital question of the Washington Redskins' new helmets. The new design eliminates the "war bonnet" arrow with feather in favor of a large R with feather, and is to be gold rather than burgundy. "Really offensive," fumed Jim White, of the firm Nolan, Duffy & White. "It makes the Redskins look like an expansion team." The rumor sweeps Washington that **Vince Lombardi** himself designed the object in question—"If he did," says White, "I think he's got rotten taste." As it happens, Lombardi did not design the thing, but he chose it, and reports that overall criticism has been slight. "If I had to be concerned with what an artist says," he adds, "I'd be—well, let's just say that I should be, and am, concerned about other things."

Dick Gregory makes a point of running five miles on its track every time he visits a college to speak. No wonder he's in good shape—in the last 10 months he's spoken at 310 colleges.

"He's bruised and beat and everything, but for his handicap he's doing fantastic," said acrobatic trainer Bob Yerkes early last week of dauntless **George Plimpton**, whose handicap was



principally being **George Plimpton**, George spent the week before the cameras for an hour-long TV spectacular, *Plimpton at the Circus*, filmed at the Clyde Beatty and Cole Brothers Circus, which was playing in Philadelphia. He participated as a clown, a lion tamer and a trapeze week was something else. At 6' 4" George is too tall for that stuff, and his 190 pounds, not much for football, is much too much for flying. Also, George admitted, "I get this creepy feeling about heights." He fell a lot, ripping up his hands and face in the net, and he tore muscle tissue in both of his shoulders. "You need heat and rest, and I'd advise staying off trapezes," observed the doctor who treated him, but George replied, "If football players can play after a shot, then *that's* what I need," and come the weekend, shoulder muscles hemorrhaging, there was George clambering into the rigging. On his return from the catcher George's shoulders

gave, and he felt literally on his face—which he then figuratively saved by putting on his clown suit and going right back up. It may not have been the greatest show on earth, but obviously George felt that it had to go on.

★ **Debbie Shelton**, Miss U.S.A. 1970, claims to carry a football with her when she travels because, she explains, "A football is much better than a teddy bear. When I get bored I just take out my football and start a game." Miss Shelton plays both tackle and—ah—touch.

Order Offensive **Lineman Walt Suggs** was pottering around his New Caney, Texas home recently, looking at the pond he had dug last summer. "They left a lot of tree stumps scattered around the bank," he recalls, "and I had picked up this big log when I looked down and saw a black widow spider on my stomach. I slapped it away, but it got me first—it felt like an ant sting." Suggs drove to a nearby hospital where they put ice on the bite and gave him some shots, but he had made it only around the corner when an intense pain hit him. "It was like getting cramps all over my back and stomach," he says. By the time he got to the Houston Diagnostic Clinic, he could no longer walk. "I was all doubled up. Every muscle in my body went into cramps. I told the doctor, 'Having a baby can't be as bad as this.' He told me, 'Having a baby isn't as bad as this is going to be.'" Suggs recovered, came home from the hospital and went out to his pond to look for the body of the dead spider. "I thought I'd killed it," he says, "but I wanted to make sure. I couldn't find it." The spider, of course, may be going around saying exactly the same thing.



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Candles are burning low in Philly

And Richie Allen is one ill wind that is dimming their light. While the onetime bad boy cavorts merrily as a Redbird of Happiness and blasts lusty home runs for St. Louis, his old teammates know only misery

When the taste for baseball was fresh and sweet in the mouth of Richard Anthony Allen, then in his third season for the interesting Philadelphia Phillies of 1966, he hit only four home runs during the months of April and May while on his way to gathering 40 for the season. With May not yet over in 1970, Allen, now the Redbird of Happiness in St. Louis, quite obviously has had that appetite restored. Last week he launched his 16th homer of the year and it came in—yep—Philadelphia. When the ball soared out of Connie Mack Stadium it seemed on its way to at least Wilmington, Del. It was Allen's fifth home run against his former team in five games. The Phillies, located in last place in the Eastern Division of the National League, will be forced to play

Allen and the Cardinals only a dozen more times this year. And that, to Phillie fans, is a rare break indeed.

Last Saturday evening, after a horrendous string of tough luck, the Phillies found that they could not even get themselves postponed. It rained for an hour and a half and stopped just in time for Allen to homer across all three runs as Philadelphia lost its 12th of 14 games 3-1. The way the Phillies have been going, if it rained soup they would have forks in their hands.

Allen's arrival in Philadelphia was one of the more delightful happenings of the first quarter of this season. Delightful, that is, unless one is R.R.M. Carpenter Jr., the owner of the Phantile Phillies, or one of the many fans who had hoped this year would be "... a new ballgame," as it says on the cover of the team's yearbook.

Signs of welcome and derision hung from the stands of Connie Mack Stadium, that collection of fading brick and steel that squats on 21st and Lehigh. "Rich Allen Fan (?) Club" read one. "Allen MVP" and "How do you like your new babysitter, Rachel?" said others. Allen arrived at the clubhouse an hour and a half before game time, which might be a local record, and said, among other things, "If this was to be my last night in baseball I would like to thank God for giving me the chance to be a Cardinal." He was cheered and booed but during one inning in San Francisco. A Willie Mays foul tip broke the fourth metacarpal bone on McCarter's right hand. Mike Ryan replaced McCarter and Willie McCovey slid into him, breaking the second metacarpal on Ryan's left hand. "When I got to the hospital," McCarter recalled last week, "the nurse said, 'We've been waiting for you Mr. Ryan.' I said, 'No, I'm McCarter. Ryan is catching at Candlestick.' 'No,' she said, 'Ryan is supposed to be on his way here with a broken hand.' I just stood there and looked at her."

Allen, of course, is doing very well since going from Philadelphia to St. Louis. Jerry Johnson, a pitcher who went with Allen, is now a San Francisco Giant after winning two games and losing none for the Cardinals, while Cookie Rojas is hitting around .100. On the other side of the fence the results are almost enough to make one cry. Curt Flood is challenging the very structure

of baseball and sitting the season out. Catcher Tim McCarter has a broken hand. Byron Browne is batting barely .200 and Relief Pitcher Joe Hoerner has a 2-2 record, an earned run average of 3.60 and four saves. Willie Montanez, the bright prospect sent from St. Louis to Philadelphia to compensate for Flood's failure to report, is hitting .250 at Eugene, Ore. and has one home run.

With Allen in their lineup, the Cardinals are hitting more home runs than last year and they have increased their scoring by a third over last season's. With Allen out of their lineup, the Phillies have known nothing but misery. An aggressive press-relations program was supposed to create the image of "The Thoroughly Modern Phillies," a young team that would run and hit its way into the cold hearts of Philadelphians who, according to ex-Phil Catcher Bob Uecker, "boo the losers on an Easter egg hunt." But things are so bad that the new \$50 million stadium that the team was supposed to get into this summer may not be open for football. As Manager Frank Lucchesi said at low tide last week, "I even lit a candle in church in Pittsburgh and it blew out."

The season didn't start off that way. The Phillies won their first three games, giving up a total of only three runs to the powerful Chicago Cubs and the Pittsburgh Pirates. They were still at 500 when an absurd pair of injuries occurred during one inning in San Francisco. A Willie Mays foul tip broke the fourth metacarpal bone on McCarter's right hand. Mike Ryan replaced McCarter and Willie McCovey slid into him, breaking the second metacarpal on Ryan's left hand. "When I got to the hospital," McCarter recalled last week, "the nurse said, 'We've been waiting for you Mr. Ryan.' I said, 'No, I'm McCarter. Ryan is catching at Candlestick.' 'No,' she said, 'Ryan is supposed to be on his way here with a broken hand.' I just stood there and looked at her."



ALLEN FOR ONCE IS A WELCOME SIGHT

Then things got bad. The Phillies scored seven runs in the first inning of a game against the San Diego Padres and lost and on May 11 Allen played against his former teammates for the first time. In a finely pitched game by Jim Bunning, Allen came to bat in the bottom of the ninth with the score 0-0 and hit a three-run homer. The following day he launched a monster against Philadelphia with one man on and the Cardinals trailing 4-5. That homer drove the Phillies to a 9-5 loss.

As if all this were not enough, the sad events of last week were almost unbearable. On Monday the Phillies had the winning run scored against them while they were at bat. This bizarre turn of fortune got started in the bottom of the seventh inning at Pittsburgh. The score was tied 1-1 with Manny Sanguillen of the Pirates on second base and one out. Bill Mazeroski singled Sanguillen to third and then Bunning threw a 1-2 pitch to Bob Moose that sailed past Catcher Del Bates. Plate Umpire Satch Davidson called the pitch a ball and when Bates retrieved the ball he threw it to third to catch Mazeroski, who was trying to advance two bases. Bunning then claimed that Moose had swung at the pitch for the third strike. Umpire Augie Donatelli ruled that he had and that he was out. Davidson ruled that Sanguillen's run did not count since the inning had ended in a double play. Following a huge argument the Phillies came to bat and had one out in the inning when the umpires reversed themselves and put the run up on the board.

That ended the scoring in the game but not the Phillies' hard luck. Two days later they lost again to Pittsburgh, this time when a run was scored from first base in the 14th inning on consecutive wild pitches by Reliever Dick Selma. The second of these hit the backstop in Forbes Field and bounded 25 feet up in the air so that Catcher Bates could do nothing but pound his fist in his glove and wait for its earthly return. On Thursday the Phillies lost Third Baseman Don Money, their leading hitter with .356 and 22 runs batted in, for 10 days when a scorching ground ball skipped off the grass and hit him a fierce blow in the right eye. Less than 24 hours later Johnny Briggs, who had one less game-winning hit than Richie Allen's eight in 1969, pulled a hamstring muscle while stretching a double into a triple.

Briggs will be out indefinitely. Saturday night Ricardo Joseph, a .273 batter last season and one who had delivered four bats, four runs batted in and two home runs in nine pinch-hitting appearance this year, required his left hand and was lost for 15 days.

So light a candle for the Phillies in some quiet protected place and pray for them. They can take all the help they can get.

THE WEEK

by ROY BLOUNT JR.

AL EAST "I am not satisfied," said Frank Robinson of BALTIMORE, "with the way I've been hitting the ball. Sore hands. And they're both weak near the wrists. It has affected my ability to pop the ball." He did say, in reference to his batting average, that "the figure itself is all right." It was .378. As for the team as a whole, said F. Robby, "It's like a slump. We haven't been hitting as well as we should with men on base." But the club's figure was not bad, either: a lead of 132 percentage points over second-place NEW YORK. The Yankees were getting along on the strength of their three oldest pitchers: busy relievers Lundy McDaniel (34), Steve Hamilton (33) and Jack Aker (going on 30), who were 9-2 for the season. Mel Stottlemyre beat the Senators despite walking 11. In no time Willie Horton was back after a mid-game walkout, but his shoulder was still sore and he was "tired," he said, "of hearing how much we miss Denny McLain." Tiger fans may have been tired of hearing how tired the Tigers were of hearing it. Mayo Smith called Tiger relief pitchers "the worst I've ever seen in baseball," leaving open the possibility that he had seen worse in softball. Obviously, General Manager Jim Campbell gave Mayo a vote of confidence. WASHINGTON, managed by a former hitter, had another sub-200 batting week (third in a row) but won five while losing two. Catcher Jim French made what Ted Williams called an "impossible" catch of a pop foul for the 27th out of the win that ended the Senators' nine-game losing streak. At first there was some question whether it would be French's play or Mr. Williams'.

"I was scared to death it was going to be me," said the skipper's wife, who was camped under the ball in her front-row seat. When French yelled, "I've got it," Mrs. W. gladly gave way, "but then" she shuddered afterward, "Mr. French disappeared." He was just following through into the Wash-

continued

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ington dugout. "One foot was over the bat rack and he was spread-eagle," exclaimed the lady's husband. "It may be the greatest single catching play I've seen in my life." Boston, precision pick to challenge the Orioles, appeared—with a 5-17 road record—to be out of the running already and dead set on proving it was. Reggie Smith grounded out in Baltimore, almost hit Coach Don Lenhardt on the head when he angrily tossed his batting helmet, then headed for center field, to discover, oops, there were only two out. Pretty soon there were three. CLEVELAND tried to strengthen its bullpen by acquiring Fred Lashner, one of the Detroit relievers whom Mayo Smith (see preceding page) had just impugned. On Sunday (although Tony Horton hit three home runs in the nightcap) Lashner lost twice to the Yankees' McDaniel in one doubleheader. Dean Chance was the losing pitcher on "Welcome Home Dean Chance Night."

BALTY 20-13 NY 24-16 DET 10-30
WASH 18-22 BOST 17-22 CLEV 14-22

AL WEST

MINNESOTA'S Ron Perzanowski, declaring it unfair that relief pitchers are never selected as All-Stars, announced his candidacy for this year's team. He had appeared in 14 of the Twins' 26 victories, winning three and saving 11. But the hottest Twin was Rod Carew, who, after hitting for the cycle in Kansas City, had a stretch of 22 hits in 35 at bats, raising himself to the league batting lead at well over .400. CALIFORNIA, however, cooled Carew off; he was two for 22 against Angel pitching this year after going one for 12 in the hard-fought three-game weekend series carried by California two games to one. Staying right on the heels of the red-hot Twins, California was causing more people to say "the Angels are for real" than at any time since Billy Sunday forsook baseball for preaching Baltimore superscout Frank Lane, comparing the Angels with the Oriole-killing Mets man by man, concluded that only Catcher Jerry Grote and Centerfielder Torrie Aage could make the Angels' lineup. As for the California pitching, said Lane, "If Andy Messersmith is Seaver, then Rudy May is Koonman and there's little to choose between Tom Murphy and Gentry." OAKLAND was plugging along at .500, with Reggie Jackson and Dick Green still hitting around .300 but elder statesman Felipe Alou building his average to .360 and Green's replacement at second, John Donaldson, winning one game with a homer and picking up three hits in the next. Rumor had it that Blue Moon Odum, last year's ace, might be sent down or rested for a month, and that Charlie Finley, running to form, was dissatisfied with Manager John McNamara. No report on whether McNamara was satisfied with Finley. "If Jackson does not start contrib-

uting he will be sent to the A's farm club in Des Moines," Finley told a reporter. "I won't go," responded Reggie. "He'll go," responded Finley. On Friday CHICAGO built leads of 6-0 in the first inning and 8-1 in the fourth against the A's, and then lost 9-8. "We can only wait and see what effect it will have on the team," said Manager Don Guttridge. "We can either let down for the rest of the weekend or else it will shake some of these guys up." On Saturday they lay down, 12-2, and they dropped two more on Sunday. KANSAS CITY's ground crew, provoked by the Milwaukee crew's claim of an infield-grooming record of 51 seconds, did the job against the Brewers in 0:38. And Joe Keough, replacing injured Lou Piniella, was hitting a ton after shifting from a 33-cunche to a 38-cunche bat. "There is less demand for the big bats," claimed Keough, "so the makers can select good wood for them." MILWAUKEE, led by the base-stealing and hitting of "Tailwind Tommy" Harper, spent two heady days in next-to-last place, and then subsided.

MINN 20-12 CAL 27-14 OAK 22-20
KC 18-24 CHI 18-26 MIL 17-30

NL WEST

CONCINNATI continued to be something else. Tony Perez, Johnny Bench and Bernie Carbo went boom-boom-boom (Carbo becoming the first left-handed hitter to reach the Astrodome's lofty yellow seats) as Jim Merritt won his ninth game and Wayne Simpson, Jim McGlothlin and Gary Nolan all pitched well to win. Bench threw his bat down the third-base line after popping up against Phil Regan, whom Bench accused of greasing the ball. "Bench, the best catcher in baseball," protested Leo Durocher, "pops up and he starts screaming." "Durocher," replied Bench, "carries about as much weight with me as a balloon." Pitching-hungry ATLANTA gloried in a five-hitter by (that's right) Milt Pappas, a six-hitter by Jim Nash and Hoyt Wilhelm, a five-hitter by Pat Jarvis and a three-hitter by George Stone. For LOS ANGELES, Bucky Grabarkewitz, more closely known as Grabby, was hitting right around .400 while playing third, short and second. And bonus baby Willie Crawford was hitting for distance after practicing his golf. Dodger Betting Coach Doug Walker, said Crawford, "told me to get more hip action and get my hands closer, so I've been going to the driving range and hitting a hundred or so golf balls to develop the proper rotation Dixie wants." SAN FRANCISCO celebrated Manager Clyde King's birthday Saturday by losing to the Padres 17-16 in 15 innings and firing him. King had suffered from such bad breaks as Juan Marchal's and Willie McCovey's bad reactions to medication—Marchal after an ear infection, McCovey because of his recurring knee ailment (Marchal, say the doctors,

almost died in the hospital.) Charlie Fox, who has been with the Giant organization for 28 years (once substituting for Horace Stoneham's chauffeur), moved into King's position from Triple-A Phoenix. The Giants promptly swept Sunday's doubleheader. HOUSTON lost five in a row, although Jim Wynn performed well afield and at bat. "When we've gotten just two wins from half of our starting staff," said Manager Harry Walker, "you know you've got some good pitching coming up." Right? "I was sitting in the bullpen laughing at all the crazy things that were happening," remarked SAN DIEGO Pitcher Danny Coombs of the aforementioned 17-16 affair with the Giants, "and all of a sudden I was the only guy left." He came on to earn the win with four scoreless innings of relief. Padre Outfielder Al Ferrara was enthusiastic about his defensive work so far. "This is the first time I've had a shot at the Golden Glove," he said. "Usually I blow it in the first week of the season."

MINN 20-12 CAL 24-18 ATL 25-16
SF 21-23 HOU 30-34 SD 18-27

NL EAST

As the Mets and the Cubs went head to head (page 16), the St. LOUIS Cards were right in there with them in the standings, despite being routed from their Philadelphia hotel early Friday morning by fire. Julian Javier, who wound up in the lobby barfaced, won Friday's game with a bases-loaded double. Bob Gibson broke his regular-season strike-out record Saturday with 16 against the Phillies, while winning only his third game of the year. "I was getting advice from everyone," Gibson grumbled. "A woman said I wasn't concentrating enough for certain teams. And Leroy Lee was telling me what to do. Imagine, a guy who has been in the big leagues only two months." PITTSBURGH rookie Gene Garber, who draws the minimum \$10,000 salary, claimed he shouldn't have to pay the automatic \$50 fine after being warned for throwing at a hitter. The pitch, he said, "was called from the dugout. I thought I was just following orders. Before I threw it, I saw the catcher give it this." And Garber used his thumb to indicate Jerry May had pointed to the batter's head. Manager Danny Murtagh: "Garber will pay his own fine." And have a little chat with his manager. MONTREAL returned home on May 18 after a 4-2 road trip into the United States, and 31,004 fans somehow squeezed into 28,456-seater Jarry Park for a festive Victoria Day outing with the Mets. The New Yorkers led 4-1 after 7½ and 4-3 after eight, but the Canadians won on a grand-slam homer by Bob Bailey in the ninth, and they say the crowd just sat there, reluctant to leave.

PIT 21-17 ST. L 20-19 NY 20-31
DET 20-23 MONT 16-24 PHIL 16-26

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They're still chasing Apaches

Over a 210-mile pony express race, present-day Western riders discover why the U.S. Army had so much trouble catching up with Cochise

There's a little bit of cowboy inside everyone of us," says Ron Wilder, president of the Great Western Land and Cattle Co. "When we said we were gonna have a real 210-mile pony express race this year before our annual cattle drive, I bet we got 2,000 phone calls from guys in bars all over the country."

"One group said they were former cowboys now punching computers in Chicago. They sounded so serious that we sent them entry blanks. Another call came from some Air Force officers who planned to round up a string of horses by plane. We even had a couple of offers to organize pari-mutuels. On a trip to Philadelphia, I must have talked to a dozen executives who said they'd give \$1,000 just to come West and follow our race and then camp out with us on our cattle drive. All dreamers, of course. When I invited them, they said they were too busy to get away. Besides, people simply won't believe we still have 200 miles of open trail in New Mexico where you don't hit a town or fence."

Call it the Buffalo Bill syndrome. Wilder encountered it a year ago when Great Western staged its first old-fashioned cattle drive from winter range near Grants, N. Mex., north through open Navajo and Apache country to summer grass at Pagosa Springs, Colo. The two-week drive, which included more than 600 registered Charolais cattle, cowhands, horses, chuck wagons and camp trucks, attracted throngs of tourists, photographers, television crews and a *Wall Street Journal* reporter.

"We could have moved the cattle by truck, the way everyone else does," says Wilder. "But cattle always lose some weight in trucks, and we wondered if they could gain by traveling about 14 miles a day on grass. They did."

It was also an admitted publicity stunt for Great Western, a fast-growing Albuquerque company that manages cattle for high-income investors. Great Western had a public-relations man on

the trail to find bedrolls for visiting newsmen, to locate scenic shots for photographers and to teach the cowhands how to roll a cigarette in the saddle. Wilder wanted to kick off the trail drive with a pony express race last year but didn't have time to arrange it. When he announced the race this winter, he ran into a new problem. Many Westerners had serious misgivings about an endurance-type race for horses. Typical was the comment from Joe Hersch, president of the Citizens Bank of Pagosa Springs. "You can ruin a good horse by pushing him too hard. It isn't a matter of miles or hours—it's judgment. Once, in an emergency, I had to ride 30 miles up through these mountains, up to an altitude of 10,000 feet, and then ride back. It took 18 hours, but my horse was fine. By contrast, a couple of drunks attempted a race here once and killed two good horses in an hour and a half."



ROUTE of the race was roughly the same as Great Western's cattle drive last year.

Other horsemen voiced another doubt. The horses used by the Pony Express in 1860 were mostly tough little mustangs, accustomed to the open range, and rarely raced at top speed. Today's horses, even ordinary working cow horses, are bigger and better bred, but more pampered, too. They usually ride to the cattle in vans and work half a day at a time. Could they race through the high rugged terrain in New Mexico?

Wilder took note of these misgivings when the contestants gathered in Pagosa Springs the day before the race. "We don't want this to be a do-or-die thing," he said. "We took 12 serious entries and narrowed them down to five, which is more manageable. We want to have a lot of fun and try something that no one else has done."

He said his own Great Western riders would forfeit their share of the prize money and suggested that the \$1,500 pot be split four ways to ease the temptation of pushing the horses too hard. The teams agreed and voted for a split of 40-30-20 and a "hard-luck" 10. "We've earned the hard-luck prize already," deadpanned Harrison Elote, head of the team entered by the Jicarilla Apache Indian tribe. "Three of our best horses are sick." This was the first sample of Apache gamesmanship.

A discussion revealed that neither the Mackey Bros. entry from Ignacio, Colo., nor the Pagosa Springs Guides and Outfitters team was at all familiar with the route. A Great Western crew had marked the route with about 200 red stakes, but some of them were stolen by vandals. Also, an oilfield survey party had decorated part of the landscape with its own stakes. "Never mind," said Troy Pichel, one of the Great Western riders. "I'll be in the lead, so you guys just follow me."

Next morning, most of the leading citizens of Pagosa Springs (pop. 1,374) were at the rodeo grounds to see the start of the race. Charlie Vigil, chairman of the Jicarilla tribe, was asked to fire the gun. No one could find any blanks, so he used live ammunition. "It's O.K. to hit a rider," someone quipped, "but spare the horses."

The five riders streaked off precisely at 8 a.m., and 32-year-old Jack Mackey of Ignacio took an early lead on his buckskin gelding. Fifteen miles later, at the first relay station, he was a mile ahead. Riders from Pagosa Springs and Grants

continued

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JERRY ORBACH

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AGE: 33

PROFESSION: Actor

HOBBIES: One of the best pool players in show business.

LAST BOOK READ: "Portnoy's Complaint"

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: The star of Broadway's musical comedy hit, "Promises, Promises"

QUOTE: "I feel responsible for the success or failure of the show every evening. If I'm not up, the show suffers."

PROFILE: A quick and facile wit. Shy off-stage. Strong convictions that enable him to hold out for the kinds of roles he wants to play.

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were second and third, and the Apache was fourth.

Mackey's second horse made a good run as the route entered New Mexico and started south through the Jicarilla Reservation. But after 12 miles the sorrel began to tire and Mackey slowed the eager horse to an easier pace. Meanwhile, the second Apache mount, a young black quarter horse, swept into the lead with the best speed of the race.

On the third lap, the next Apache horse slipped and threw Jasper Amarillo to the ground, dislocating his shoulder. Under the rules, he had to ride or walk to the next relay point or see his team disqualified. He chose to ride.

On the same lap, Great Western's Troy Phelan was thrown and rolled on by a fractious pinto. He remounted in great pain and was thrown again just a few yards from the third relay station. Both Jasper and Troy were rushed to the hospital by Jicarilla police. (Jasper refused to be bandaged, however, and returned to watch the rest of the race.) That left two teams with only one rider to finish the final 155 miles. Jack Mackey also resolved to cover the whole distance himself. He was riding comfortably in second place (after the Apache) on the sixth leg of the race when his horse cut its foot. Again he slowed down and watched the Grants rider overtake him.

When the race entered the reservation's oil and gas fields, a bewildering pattern of dirt roads led several newsmen and horse vans far astray. Three radio-connected Jicarilla cars kept the horsemen in the race. At the Counselor trading post, the day's destination, the Apache rider arrived with a 23-minute lead. Mackey regained second place but was only two minutes ahead of Grants. Pagosa Springs, handicapped by several slow horses, was 18 minutes farther back, and the Great Western entry was a full hour behind the leader. That night, when riders and support troops sat around the campfire, the speculation centered around the remaining Apache rider, 44-year-old Calvin Veneno. He obviously had the best string of horses, but could he take another 105 miles of hard riding? Veneno, who has been herding cattle and competing in Indian rodeos all his life, just grinned. "If it wasn't for the rule to stop here," he said, "I'd be in Grants right now."

The second day was more of the same. The Great Western rider, looking ahead



WINNING RIDER CALVIN VENENO BEAT THE U.S. MAIL TO GRANTS BY TWO DAYS

to the forthcoming cattle drive, decided to drop out. Jack Mackey had more bad luck—with two horses hurt, he borrowed two from other teams and they were slow. "Well," he said with a shrug, "if they don't feel like running, I'm not the one to force them." (His concern for the horses ultimately won him the sportsmanship trophy.) Both Mackey and the Grants riders—Jimmy Valdez and Shorty Freeman—gained on Veneno during the day, but he kept his lead. At relay station 13, Ron Wilder lodged a smiling complaint with Jicarilla Police Chief Raleigh Tafuya: "All I've been doing today is chasing Apaches."

Chief Tafuya said, "History shows you'll never catch them. The Jicarillas are one of the Apache tribes that never surrendered to the U.S. Army, and they have never signed a peace treaty with the U.S. Government."

When the waiting crews of other teams gathered around to congratulate the Apaches, Tafuya commented, "I don't know how this happened. All we had was a few broomtails."

"What?" yelped one cowboy. "After that black racehorse, we think Apache speak with forked tongue."

"Sure," said an Indian spectator, "that's what we learned at white man's school."

At the end of the race, Calvin Veneno sprinted into the Grants rodeo arena and delivered a letter to Mayor John Horack. (A similar letter dropped into a U.S. mailbox in Pagosa Springs the Friday morning of the race did not arrive until Monday.) The time for the 210 miles was 12 hours and 43 minutes.

Shorty Freeman of the Grants team arrived 19 minutes later. Mackey and Pagosa's Jerry Adams came soon after. Freeman admitted a little fatigue. Recalling the healing hot mineral waters of Pagosa Springs, he said that the race finished at the wrong end.

Mackey, who had gone the whole 210 miles, said he was tired, too. But he swung his son, 2-year-old Spar Rowel (honest, that's the kid's name), to his shoulder. The boy was glad to see his dad, and he wanted to play "horse." **END**

And then there's Lester and Ester

Texas A&M's powerful relay forces showed up for the California Relays in Modesto last weekend, but they were limping badly, and the Mills brothers figured that the collection of watches they had amassed back in Lufkin wouldn't be increased for a while. For one thing, Rockie Woods was out with a pulled hamstring and had been left in Texas. "And," said Assistant Coach Ted Nelson, "you don't lose a 9.3 sprinter off your 440 and 880 teams and not feel it." Too, Curtis Mills would be running with two large knots in his left thigh, and brother Marvin couldn't decide if he felt lousy because of a recent attack of food poisoning or from just plain exhaustion. "Otherwise," said Nelson, "we're in pretty good shape. I wonder how the fishing is out here?"

And so on Saturday morning the brothers stretched out on their motel beds and planned the day's strategy. "Let's just stay in bed," said Marvin. They thought about that for a while. "No," said Curtis at last, "let's run the 440. It'll be over so fast we won't even know we're hurting. And the 880." He sat up in bed. "Hey, maybe we can still win it. I know we can. They give great watches here, too. Let's win the 880."

"O.K.," said Marvin, settling that. "Now what about the mile?"

"Aw," said Curtis, "we'll worry about that when we get to it."

And that's just the way it went, of course. They ran the 440, and it was over fast, and if they were hurting it was because they finished third behind Texas at El Paso and UCLA. It was the first time this season Texas A&M had put both Mills brothers in a relay and lost.

The Aggies had won 20 straight with them. Multiply two times 20 and you can see that there are a lot of unwound

watches in Lufkin. Next year the multiplication table jumps to the threes. Brother Wayne will join the act after a year of fattening his grades at a junior college. And then there's Lester and Ester, the fastest 15-year-old twin brother and sister act in Texas.

"She claims she's faster than the brothers," says Coach Charlie Thomas. "But they won't run against her, so we'll never know."

The closest Ester gets to competition is in the role of official starter for a series of match races between Curtis and Marvin over 150 yards in the street in front of their house. The series started about a year ago, when Curtis came back from the NCAA championships with a world record in the 440. Marvin was a 17-year-old senior in high school, Curtis a 20-year-old sophomore at A&M.

"I suppose you think you're pretty fast?" said Marvin after dinner on the night of Curtis' triumphant return. Curtis grinned at him. He had talked Marvin out of the band and into track, and he knew what the next move would be. "You can't even beat me," said Marvin. "Oh, yeah?" said Curtis. "Yeah," said Marvin. "Let's go out in the street. Hundred and fifty yards." They went out in the street and measured off the distance. Ester stepped in as starter as the neighbors flocked to watch.

"*Aller-vous zap,*" she said.

"What's that?" said Curtis and Marvin.

"That's French for get ready," said Ester. "Now *uggie boom boom*. And go."

They went. Marvin won. They went again. Marvin won. "Once more," said Curtis, and finally he won. "See," he said, "you won the heats but I won the final."

"Marvin has always been faster over the short distance," said Curtis. "I need more yards." In high school all Marvin figured he'd ever need was 100 yards—or less. Not on a track, on a football field. He was second-string all-state. With his speed and build (6' 3", 180) he got 32 football scholarship offers. He picked California.

"But he never had a choice," said Curtis. "Mom told him he was going to Texas A&M, and that was it. I had a choice—sort of. I really wanted to go to Southern. But Coach Thomas told me if I went to A&M I'd be a pioneer, one of the first black athletes in the

Southwest Conference. I sort of liked that idea. Then when I first got there I said, oh, oh, Curtis, you're a pioneer, all right. Man, you're doomed. But the school has been great to me. If I had to start over I'd go right back to A&M."

But Marvin is unconvinced. It's not the thought of running at A&M, but the thought of not playing football at Cal that bothers him. "But Mom said A&M, and I just didn't feel like arguing with her. She felt the school had done a lot for Curtis. He seems to think so, too. Sometimes I think of going to a school where I'd be on my own, not be Curtis' kid brother. But I'm here, and I'm going to try and make it here."

In any event, they are there, Curtis the pioneer, Marvin the dunifun son, Wayne on the way, and Texas A&M has become a track powerhouse. The Southwest Conference meet three weeks ago was no contest, with the Aggies so far out in front by the time they called the mile relay the brothers didn't even have to run. Texas A&M scored 72½ points—only nine of them by seniors. Curtis won the 220 (20.7) and the 440 (46 flat). Marvin was second in the 100 (9.5) to Rockie Woods and second to Curtis in the 220 (20.7). And the brothers ran on the winning 440-yard relay team.

But that was when they were healthy and fresh. Now they weren't, and it was time for the 880 in the California Relays. Donnie Rogers, a freshman, led off, and when he passed the baton to Scotty Hendricks A&M was only a few yards off the pace. Hendricks, a senior filling in for Woods, was the key. He's a 9.6 sprinter and leads off the 440, but he's the only man on the relay teams under 6'2". He's 5' 6" and, said Ted Nelson, "220 yards is a lot of ground to cover with his short legs." If so, Hendricks covered them quickly. When Marvin took over A&M was still a few yards behind the leaders, and so the brothers went zap and a couple more watches were added to the stockpile.

Then they got around to worrying about the mile relay. "To hell with it," said Curtis, who was limping. "Right," said Marvin, looking for a soft piece of ground to pass out on. And that's when Ester should have shown up. Right then she could have beaten either at anything from a yard to a mile. Come on fellows, *aller-vous zap*, *uggie boom boom*, go—and ha, ha, what took you so long?

END

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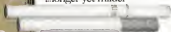
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The Real McCoy



by ROBERT CANTWELL

It is true name was Norman Selby, and he yearned for the life of a farmer, but title fights, adulation, Broadway, posh saloons, private eyes, poets, princesses, nine marriages (three of them to the actress at left, Julia Woodruff), the movies, scandal, jewel thefts and finally murder were the lot of boxing's mighty Kid

© 1979 WOOD

Except for the Earl of Sandwich, Norman Selby is the only sportsman whose name has become a common noun in general use. Selby fought under the name of Kid McCoy and the word McCoy is now found in reputable lexicons, "usually preceded by *the*," according to *The Random House Dictionary*, "as, *the real McCoy*, the genuine thing as promised, stated or implied." The term "real McCoy" spread through American speech around the turn of the century, appeared in English novels in the 1930s and even popped up in Scotland, where it became the real McKaye. The real McCoy himself, that is the fighter whose true name was Norman Selby, never actually liked the phrase, and as he became a household word he tried repeatedly to recapture his identity as plain old Norman Selby. But he never succeeded.

Kid McCoy burst into sports history in 1896 when he was 23 years old. He won the world welterweight championship (145 pounds) and went on to fight middleweights (then 158 pounds), light heavyweights (175) and even heavyweights. The biggest man he defeated was one Herr Plaacke, who at 6' 5½" and 245 pounds was the size of Jess Willard. McCoy fought several heavyweights. He knocked out 230-pound Peter Maher, who nearly beat Fitzsimmons. He was barely beaten by Tom Sharkey, whose

followers claimed he had really won a savage 25-round fight awarded to James Jeffries. McCoy was knocked out by James Corbett in the last fight in Madison Square Garden before being outlawed by New York State in 1900.

In all McCoy had 105 recorded fights, winning 81 and losing six. The others were drawn or were no-decision affairs. McCoy is in the Boxing Hall of Fame, and by searching with diligence one can find occasional references to him in ring literature, but his real importance was as a word and a symbol. McCoy was the first sports celebrity to become a nationally known, publicity-created character, a fictional being. Later on the phenomenon became familiar, and people today recognize that the public image of, say, Joe Namath is not necessarily the same as the real Joe Namath in private life.

But in McCoy's time the popularization process was bare-

ly beginning. Because he was the real McCoy, people expected him to act like the real McCoy all the time. So he began to think of himself as the real McCoy and to act in a way that would have been impossible for the real Norman Selby. The result was a personality struggle and eventually Selby became trapped in his own living legend. There was nothing so clear-cut as a Jekyll-Hyde situation. It was just that the fictional creation of Kid McCoy and the living human being of Norman Selby became increasingly entangled with each other; the motives for their conflicting actions became confused and in the end, by way of romance, theft and murder, they destroyed each other.

Norman Selby was the more likable and definable of the two. He was a farm boy, tall and skinny, never robust, born in a close-knit family of three sisters and a younger brother in Moscow, Ind. He was soft-spoken, courteous and remarkably handsome, with gray eyes and black curly hair and a classic profile that made him look like a more rugged version of John Barrymore. His matinee-idol features even led him to a theatrical career, his greatest success coming in David Wark Griffith's silent-screen masterpiece, *Broken Blossoms*.

As a farm boy, Selby's life ran according to the pattern of the time and place: he fished, rode horseback, hunted rabbits, did chores, and left

home. At 18, in Butte, Mont., he had his first and only professional fight as Norman Selby. He was paid \$5 and believed he had come upon the ideal way to earn money.

His first fight under the name of Kid McCoy (there is no record as to why he selected that particular name) was in St. Paul in 1891 and for the next three years, while he was living at home, he fought a good deal around Indianapolis, Cincinnati and Cleveland. Eventually he began to attract attention because he went into the ring bent on getting the business over with as soon as possible. It was a time of long-drawn-out fights: Tommy Ryan, the welterweight champion, fought 76 rounds with Middleweight Danny Needham before knocking him out. These marathon struggles were masterly demonstrations of conditioning, but they were almost as tiring for the spectators as they were for the fighters.



McCoy: an idol to all in his elegant prime.

McCoy, on the other hand, rushed into action from the first bell as though he had to catch a train. He had 12 fights in 1893 and won nine of them in from one to five rounds. He fought constantly, hurrying from bout to bout in Akron, Dubuque, Jersey City, Syracuse, Boston, Hot Springs, New Orleans, Joplin, Mo. He generally would knock out some promising local boy in a round or two and rush on to another fight. His opponents were an inglorious throng and they often dropped out of boxing after fighting McCoy. He was accused of a lack of sportsmanship in eliminating so many fighters who might have gone on, but he explained that he was doing them a service. "A quick knockout could be construed as merciful," he once said. "I always tried for one."

At this time McCoy was still subordinate to Norman Selby, for whom fighting was merely a means of earning money, one at which he happened to be proficient. The fight game as such, fight-club personalities, the vast importance attached to subtle gradations in the standing of opponents, meant little to him. A short time before his 21st birthday Selby fell in love with Lottie Piehler, a nice, quiet country girl who was working in a millinery shop in Middletown, Ohio. He had \$300 left from McCoy's last fight, and he married her. They went to Cincinnati, and when the money was spent McCoy got a job in a theater in Louisville, where his part of the evening's entertainment consisted of fighting anybody in the audience who wanted to try him. For this he earned \$250 a week and he and his bride saved their money and went to New York. There McCoy got a few fights with middleweights of some reputation, including Abe Ullman, Shadow Maber and Mysterious Billy Smith, all championship contenders. When he won easily he began to be taken seriously by the New York sporting crowd.

There was more than bold aggression, ambition and a hint of snobbishness in the makeup of Kid McCoy. Damon Runyon, at the beginning of his sports-writing career, called McCoy one of the greatest fighters in ring history and praised his intelligence. "One of the cleverest, craftiest men who ever put on boxing gloves" was the way Runyon put it. And most experts agreed that McCoy was a superb boxer. He differed from such fine boxers as Tommy Ryan in that he was not primarily defensive; his boxing skill included an attack that went on as long as he could keep it up or until his opponent could no longer face it. If his fights went more than 10 rounds they tended to be drawn.

McCoy made a quick trip to England in 1895, the first of 66 journeys abroad, and there lost a 10-round decision to Ted White, only the second loss in a 38-fight career. But early the next year he came back to win the welterweight title from Tommy Ryan in 15 rounds. The fight was Ryan's first defeat in 44 fights and it established Kid McCoy as a permanent name for Norman Selby.

The fictional creation of McCoy now began to take over from the real Norman Selby. Both liked to have money, but Selby liked to earn it and save it and McCoy liked to make it fast and either spend it or carry it around. One of McCoy's idiosyncrasies was to keep his money in cash—coins, bills and gold. He carried thousands of dollars in his pockets. He was fascinated with gems as another tangible form of wealth, and jumped at a chance to fight the undefeated champion of South Africa at Johannesburg during the mining boom. He won the fight, but he became a legend there because of the money he carried around with him. He once added up a wad of it and found it totaled \$40,000.

At this time James Corbett, the ex-champion, owned a flourishing saloon on Broadway that was a meeting place for sports figures, and McCoy decided to start a more elegant restaurant and bar in the building of the Casino Theatre a short distance away. The Casino was a fashionable playhouse—*Florodora* ran there for two years and brought considerable trade to McCoy's place. Corbett's bar was for men—horseplayers, bookmakers, gamblers and sporting types who preferred to avoid the limelight—while McCoy's had huge plate-glass windows through which passers-by could see the celebrities inside. Since these were theatrical figures accustomed to being stared at they were far from displeased. And they were a glamorous crew: Lillian Russell, Anna Held, Trixie Friganza and the wonderful comedienne Marie Dressler.

Mack Sennett got his introduction to theater life at McCoy's bar and became McCoy's friend, as did De Wolf Hopper and John and Lionel Barrymore.

Mrs. Norman Selby did not fit into this sort of life and divorced McCoy, who then married Julia Woodruff, a beautiful but hot-tempered young actress. After a stormy year of married life Julia divorced McCoy, but remarried him almost at once only to divorce him again. When they were married a third time McCoy tried to keep it a secret, but reporters learned that the couple exchanged vows in the office of a justice of the peace in Union Hills, N.J., and entertained their readers with accounts of catching McCoy trying to marry secretly a wife he had married twice before.

Ridicule got under McCoy's skin and this led to an action that Norman Selby would have avoided. Tom Sharkey was one of the toughest contenders in that Neanderthal age of heavyweight fighters, but McCoy impetuously agreed to fight him. The reason was that Sharkey had a saloon on 14th Street which was even more of a meeting place for the fight crowd than Corbett's and a pole apart from McCoy's own polite establishment. Sharkey's was dark, tough and always packed with surly partisans who loudly believed the owner to be the champion of everything. It also existed on the border of the underworld.

continued

As a fighter Sharkey was a tireless head-down slugger, prone to windmill in like a barroom brawler, able to withstand terrific punishment and willing to slam away until something connected. In 1899 McCoy took on Sharkey and the match had some of the air of rival capitalists settling their differences with boxing gloves. Sharkey was a better businessman (and bigger at 183 pounds to 160) and he knocked out McCoy in the 10th round. Under the circumstances McCoy did not look bad, but it was a victory for the roughnecks, and trade increased at Sharkey's saloon.

McCoy was annoyed by imitators as well as competitors. He had fought in so many out-of-the-way places that fighters calling themselves Kid McCoy began turning up all over the country. One phony McCoy in California so irritated a San Francisco sportswriter, William Naughton, that Naughton went into fight promotion himself. His first offering was a fight between McCoy and Joe Choyinski, a heavy-weight. Choyinski was considered indestructible. He was square, tough, experienced and willing to fight anybody. He fought Corbett (four times), Fitzsimmons and Jeffries, and remained in action long enough to knock out Jack Johnson in 1901.

This was the opponent that Naughton, in his hatred of sham and his concern for McCoy's good name, lined up for a fight three months after McCoy had been beaten by Sharkey. They met in San Francisco and McCoy was not favored. His detractors said he had only beaten beginners, that he had no staying power, that he could not take a punch, and that, if he ever had been any good, he was now only a Broadway playboy. At first it seemed they were right. McCoy forced the fight as he always did and Choyinski knocked him down. When he got up Choyinski knocked him down again. So it went, round after round. By the time round 20 arrived McCoy had been on the canvas 16 times. He also had an unnatural grimace on his features, the result of a bent bridge on his teeth, a broken nose and three broken ribs. But then, to the astonishment of all, he dramatically knocked Choyinski out. Naughton ran the news in headlines: NOW YOU'VE SEEN THE REAL MCCOY!

For no reason that is obvious—then or now—the phrase caught on and radiated far beyond the world of fight fans. The real McCoy came to mean a good suit of clothes, an ample meal, a tip on a horse race, a truly bad man, a full house, an expensive cigar, a no-hitter, a diamond ring, a winning lottery ticket, a reformed burglar, an earthquake, tornado, tidal wave, fire, train wreck or other catastrophe, or perhaps merely an unadulterated breakfast cereal. The turn of the century was a time of blatant imitation and outrageous pretense, of synthetic flavors, watered stock, salted gold mines, counterfeit bills, sawdust-stuffed sausages, artificial colorings, preservatives, patent medicines and cures, frauds and confidence games so numerous that some simple phrase was needed to get across the opposite. The real McCoy served to express the ordinary citizen's approval of whatever was genuine in a world of high-pressure unrealities.

McCoy was flattered at finding himself a nationwide slogan which, if some advertising man had invented it, would have been worth a fortune. It is uncommon for a living human being to become synonymous with authenticity and genuineness and the opposite of that which is artificial, imitation, bogus or pretended. McCoy reacted by reverting briefly to Norman Selby, he bought a farm. It was on the outskirts of Saratoga, N.Y. and only its location recommended it to Kid McCoy. For Saratoga was the gambling center of the country. For Norman Selby the farm, called Cedar Bluffs, was an ideal purchase. It was a link to an outdoor childhood and a simple life. But for the real McCoy at the height of his fame, a farmer's life was impossible.

There was, however, one meeting point in the identities of Norman Selby and the real McCoy. McCoy had a missionary zeal for physical fitness. He even persuaded *Variety* to publish a column, *How to Take Care of Yourself*, much to the bewilderment of readers who—while searching for items of gossip and theatrical news—instead encountered McCoy's advocacy of fresh air and plenty of exercise. McCoy was now so famous and influential that he seriously believed he could restore hard-drinking, saturated sportsmen and playboys to a robust life they had never known or enjoyed in the first place. So Cedar Bluffs became a health farm. Unfriendly accounts later called it McCoy's roadhouse but it was, at least at first, a seriously operated rest home and reconditioning sanitarium.

Unfortunately McCoy did not have much time to spend at the farm. Everyone wanted to see the real McCoy fight, and in the fall of 1899, four months after he knocked out Choyinski, he had four fights in only eight days. He won the first three easily. In the fourth Jack McCormick, who went on to a respectable middleweight career, knocked him out in the first round. The real McCoy could not let his admirers down in that manner, so he had eight fights in rapid succession and won them all (including a decision over McCormick) except for a draw with Choyinski.

McCoy now had come to believe in his own legend. It was not that he dramatized himself or thought of himself as a hero—he was too shrewd for that and was always merciless in his self-honesty—but the mythical Kid McCoy exercised a kind of tidal influence that pulled human motives out of their natural orbit and made them subject to the fluctuations and changes in the legend. This helps account for why McCoy fought Corbett. The two men were on the same side in their attempt to raise the standards of the sport. Their wives had been close friends. But rumors spread the fight was fixed. *Broadway Magazine* speculated that domestic troubles lay behind the fight, and reported that Mrs. McCoy and Mrs. Corbett were no longer speaking. Money certainly was not a major motive.

At any rate, the fight was held on the night of Aug. 30, 1900, only hours before the anti-boxing law went into effect, and only a handful of spectators appeared. Both Corbett and McCoy were fast and expert but they shocked reporters by

continued

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McCoy continued

showing no scientific skill whatever and slugging like a pair of street brawlers. They kept it up until the fifth round when Corbett knocked McCoy senseless. The only thing the fight proved was that it certainly was not fixed.

McCoy went to his own health farm to recover. Two of his first clients were there at the time, Edward Ellis, the heir of the founder of the Ellis Locomotive Company, and Ralph Thompson, a famous coxswain of the Yale Crew and a wealthy playboy. Ellis came down with typhoid fever and nearly died, creating some ghouliah amusement among Broadway wits about McCoy's health treatments. Mrs. McCoy had a young actress, Estelle Earle, visiting her at the farm and Ellis, recovering, married Miss Earle. Simultaneously Mrs. McCoy ran off to Japan with Ralph Thompson, leaving McCoy alone with his punching bags, diets and health hints.

"This business of being a living trademark can be hell," Mack Sennett once said, and McCoy certainly agreed. He dropped out of sight, insofar as it was possible for the real McCoy to do so. His restaurant and bar went out of business. He quietly divorced the wife he had married three times and married an actress, Indianola Arnold, who was appearing in *The Wizard of Oz*. He tried to keep this marriage a secret, too, but the news got out. It turned out that that marriage did not count and was somehow annulled. Just at that time Augustus Thomas, a leading American dramatist, produced a prizefight play, *The Other Girl*, about a fortune-hunting prizefighter who tried to marry an heiress and was frustrated by the difference in their social positions. Lionel Barrymore, who played the fighter, carefully studied McCoy's appearance, walk, speech and mannerisms and duplicated them on the stage so expertly that McCoy himself seemed to be playing the role. The play opened at the Criterion Theatre at the end of 1903 and was a sensational success. It ran for more than six months and it altered McCoy's public image insofar as his former Broadway cronies were concerned.

In 1904 young Ellis died, leaving a fortune estimated at \$7 million, and a year

continued

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The

USF&G

*Mom's new
dress and jewelry*

*The music box
in the box*

*The chairs and
their contents*

*Home and
property*



later, on Oct. 21, 1905, McCoy married his widow. *The Morning Telegraph*, an alert journal of horse racing and night life, headlined the news as the biggest story of the day and reported: "Along Broadway last night that same \$7 million formed the chief topic of conversation."

McCoy lost no time in letting it be known what he was going to do. He was going to be Norman Selby again. With two established diamond merchants as partners he started a high-quality jewelry store on Maiden Lane and another on Broadway. Norman Selby was president of the company. Next he organized a nationwide detective agency, in partnership with a former New York City policeman. He had a luxurious suite of offices on Fifth Avenue and 25 operatives scattered around the country. Again Norman Selby was president. Still later he started an automobile agency.

But he never could get rid of Kid McCoy. Newspapers referred to him as "Mr. Norman Selby (Kid McCoy)." His wife named her yacht *The Kid McCoy*. Sarangers tried to knock him down. In a New York bar some celebrating college boys who saw him wearing tails, a silk hat and a cape argued loudly that he could not possibly be the real McCoy. As a test one of them punched him on the jaw. The experiment was a success: this was unquestionably the real McCoy, for he knocked the intrepid undergraduate cold. In front of the Café Madrid a mining engineer named Asa Willard Hein shugged McCoy—or knocked his silk hat off, the accounts differ—and McCoy tried almost desperately to avoid a fight. After he blacked Hein's eye he pleaded with the patrolman who arrested them both for disorderly conduct, saying they had acted childishly. It did no good. The name of Norman Selby appeared on the police blotter, was spotted by reporters and reappeared in headlines the next day.

Hein may have had justification for his poke at McCoy since Hein had sued his wife for divorce and named McCoy as co-respondent. McCoy immediately went on a hunting trip to Canada, though it was not the hunting season, and then visited France while his third (or fourth or sixth, depending on how you count)

wife divorced him. Sometime later reporters in the backwoods of North Carolina came upon the marriage record of one Norman Selby and the former Edna Valentine Hein. Since she was the daughter of a wealthy importer, the private life of Kid McCoy was again in the news.

The McCoy's came to New York, where he opened a bar and restaurant in the Hotel Normandie, a short distance from the Casino Theatre, and welcomed back his theatrical patrons. David Wark Griffith, returning from California after his first success as a director, met McCoy in his bar nightly and often walked with him to his gymnasium two blocks away for boxing lessons.

McCoy's penchant for the limelight continued. He lived in a fashionable world but he did not share its prejudices, especially with respect to race. The bigotry at this time was focused on the Negro champion, Jack Johnson, and the search for a great white hope to restore white supremacy to the ring. All of which seemed irrational to McCoy. When Mrs. Jack Johnson, a white woman, committed suicide in 1912 McCoy wrote an eloquent letter to *The Morning Telegraph* pleading for an understanding between the races and concluding that it was each man's duty "to treat his fellow man as a brother and each woman as you would have your own mother and sister treated." The newspaper printed the statement with an apologetic disclaimer that said: "*The Morning Telegraph* can scarcely agree with Kid McCoy."

McCoy had trouble keeping up the standing of his bar and finally he lost his liquor license under conditions which suggested the role of the police was hardly simon-pure. So, at 39, McCoy returned to the ring, first for some inconsequential fights in Philadelphia and Toronto and then three bouts in France. His reputation was still such that his victory over a forgotten Englishman named P. O. Curran, in a 20-round bout in Nice in 1912, was international sports news from *The Times* of London to the *Toledo Blade*.

More important for McCoy, on this European trip he won the friendship of Maurice Maeterlinck, the Belgian poet who had been awarded the Nobel Prize in

1911. Maeterlinck held a princely position in Europe's prewar intellectual aristocracy. A short, powerful athletic figure who was in fact a good boxer and soccer player, he had made a fortune from his vaporous and lofty verse. He owned a villa at Nice, a chalet in Switzerland, an apartment in Paris and one of the most sumptuous estates in Normandy, Les Abeilles. It had formerly been a Benedictine monastery and had room for 400 guests.

Georgette Leblanc, an opera singer generally regarded as Maeterlinck's wife though they were not married, brought to Les Abeilles throngs of ballet dancers, avant-garde artists, modern composers, symbolist poets, sculptors, critics, essayists, scientists, opera stars and theatrical figures. On special occasions she put on magnificent outdoor productions of Maeterlinck's dramas and to these she invited political figures from all over Europe. Her plan was to make Les Abeilles a French version of Wagner's Bayreuth.

Maeterlinck himself, however, was a tireless hiker and trout fisherman, a follower of bicycle racing and one of the first people in France to ride a motorcycle. He had his own private boxing instructor, a fighter named Raymond Bon, but he took lessons from Georges Carpentier as well and in 1912 fought an exhibition bout for charity with Carpentier, who was then only beginning to be known. McCoy was a fine recruit for the Maeterlinck circle. He was not only an agreeable man of the world but a celebrated fighter as well. He too was invited to give Maeterlinck boxing lessons. One of Maeterlinck's many delusions was that everyone enjoyed boxing as much as he did, and he would greet his highbrow guests with a cordial invitation to put on the gloves and spar a few rounds. Carpentier later said Maeterlinck was a poor boxer, but McCoy remembered it differently. "He's a good boxer," he told reporters, "and a good sport."

McCoy fitted into Maeterlinck's world as if he had never known any other kind of life. He was no name-dropper and rarely mentioned his own eminent friends. Still, he knew it did him no harm to be pictured traveling with the Prince of

continued

Momaco (the grandfather of Prince Rainier), who was also a boxing enthusiast, or to be photographed sparring with Maeterlinck.

But McCoy's social success with European aristocracy was phenomenally brief. After being lionized at Maeterlinck's he went on to Ostend. He stayed at the Palace Hotel in that fashionable resort, where the Princess von Thurn und Taxis also happened to be. The princess was an American heiress from Pittsburgh; she had married the prince, a grandson of the Emperor of Austria, the year before. On the day McCoy left Ostend for London the princess noticed that \$50,000 worth of her jewelry was missing. A New York gambler named Squaler Kemp, posing as a London industrialist, was charged with the theft, and since McCoy had been seen in his company the police believed McCoy had taken the stones with him.

The London police picked up McCoy on the Strand during the rush hour as he was on his way to the Hotel Cecil. He did not have any diamonds, but at the request of the Belgian authorities he was

locked up. How long he remained in jail is unclear; some accounts say eight days, others a month. But a British magistrate eventually noted that there was no evidence against him. The charge of jewel theft was variously described as preposterous, absurd, ridiculous and bewildering, but whatever it was McCoy was no longer welcome in the homes of people who owned jewelry.

Suddenly a social outcast, McCoy returned quietly to New York, enlisted in the National Guard and served along the Rio Grande. He was an orderly on the staff of General John O'Ryan, a fight enthusiast who, when not engaged in military actions against Pancho Villa, was busy trying to get New York's anti-boxing law repealed. Soon McCoy was active in theatrical and sporting circles again, since many of his old friends saw service in Mexico. When the U.S. entered World War I, McCoy was made a recruiting sergeant and he apparently became a remarkably effective one. He dispersed with the fervent oratory and emotional patriotic appeals then in vogue and instead spoke in a

forthright, down-to-earth fashion. The name of the real McCoy carried weight.

It was at the end of the war that he entered the most extraordinary phase of his extraordinary career. David Griffith wanted to make a movie that would not have the huge crowd scenes, huge settings and huge expenses of *Intolerance* and *The Birth of a Nation* and he signed McCoy for a key role in *Broken Blossoms*. The film was based on a chapter in *Limehouse Nights* by Thomas Burke. It revolved around a sadistic prizefighter, "A gorilla of the jungles of East London" (overplayed with horrible grimaces by Donald Crisp), and his brutal mistreatment of his daughter (played with haunting pathos and delicacy by Lillian Gish). A Chinese who rescued her and hid her away was played by an unknown youth, Richard Barthelmess, who wore a rubber band under his skullcap to make his eyes slant. The story was strange to begin with, the setting in London's Chinatown was remote from anything in the normal experience of an American audience, and the film was deliberately overdrawn—the father too monstrous to be credible, the



Once the detective in a murder movie, McCoy became a celebrated killer himself when he shot his girl friend (above).

daughter too winsome and lovely, even amid the beatings and the squalor, to be believed, the Chinese too sensitive and gentle, and the climax, in which the father killed his daughter and was killed by her Chinese lover, was too harrowing.

It was McCoy's task to be a link to the real world in all this madness and he performed it admirably. He played the part of a prizefighter opposed to the demonic father. He was merely an ordinary man, with natural, recognizable human impulses, in a world of grotesques. The audience could identify with him, and while he appeared before the camera only in the three rounds of the famous fight in the film, he performed his role admirably. *Broken Blossoms* opened on Broadway on May 13, 1919 with a stunning impact on its first-night crowd of international celebrities. It left its viewers silent as they filed from the theater, and the reviews the next morning were little more than collections of superlatives and references to the promise of a new form of art.

Thus McCoy, at the age of 47, began a new career. A survey of what the movies needed most, conducted by *Photoplay*

magazine, had come up with an answer: genuine human beings. McCoy specialized in roles in which he represented reality, the real thing, the real McCoy, a human being without the affectations and hokum of the silent stars. In *The House of Glass* he was a detective, not a great Sherlock Holmes sleuth but a plain cop carrying out his orders. Clara Kimball Young was the girl falsely convicted of jewel theft who ran away while on parole after serving a long prison term. McCoy tracked her down, but in the process discovered she was innocent of the crime for which she had been imprisoned. Should he let her go or follow his orders? He took her back to jail.

McCoy's rise to cinema fame was followed by still another divorce. His wife said McCoy was a likable person "but he belongs to the public and not to any one woman." And he became even more of a public figure because of Prohibition, as the phrase "the real McCoy" began being widely used to mean a drink of real whiskey as opposed to hoochleg hooch. In *The American Language* H. L. Mencken described the real McCoy as primarily a

Prohibition term. *Variety* spoke of a McCoy as a speakeasy where genuine liquor could be bought. McCoy's name was a term of the highest approbation, as good as "hotlet in bond."

McCoy enjoyed his celebrity. But celebrity and solvency were two different things and in 1922 McCoy was declared bankrupt by a Los Angeles court. The reason was another fatal friendship involving jewels. The personalities in this case were Albert Mors and his wife Theresa, operators of an art store in Los Angeles. Mors started his business on Seventh Street in Los Angeles, next door to that of a former New Yorker, Sam Schappas, whose wife had grown up with Mrs. Mors. In 1923 the Morses were divorced and McCoy appeared on the scene as a bodyguard for Mrs. Mors, a dark-haired woman in her early 40s. Disputes over the property in the art store created scenes, and McCoy was ordered not to reappear there. On the night of Aug. 12, 1924 Mrs. Mors, accompanied by McCoy, went to her former home to confront her husband. They found a party in progress. Mrs. Mors attacked her

continued



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The situation makes so little sense, you'd think someone would do something about it. Which is just what we're asking you to do.



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Not to give any money,
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Ask them to give the streets

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The recreation areas back to the kids.
And if things work out that way,
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Inflation can be stopped. Let's all be a little less piggy.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

WINNER'S CIRCLE

Sirs:

Your Whitney Tower is to be congratulated for his brilliant prognosis of the 95th running of the Preakness (*The Commander May Train in Preakness Dust*, May 18). His appraisal of the various thoroughbreds that were to gallop Pimlico's track was uncanny, to say the least. However, the highlight of Mr. Tower's article was his prediction of the race's result if the track was fast—and it was.

How many others could have correctly picked Personality first, My Dad George second, Silent Screen third? A garland of black-eyed Susans to you, Whitney Tower!

RICHARD H. PILES

Benton, Fla.

NOODAN STYLE

Sirs:

I am a 23-year-old graduate student with relatively short hair and not a pair of bell-bottoms in my name. However, I must stick up for my generation and the indirect criticism it received from golfer Ben Hogan (*Welcome Back, Mister Hogan*, May 18).

I'm glad Mr. Hogan remembered his golf game, but I wonder why he forgot that times and styles have changed? As long as a golfer is neat, who is Mr. Hogan to say what clothes will insult tournament sponsors? I wouldn't challenge Hogan's golf game, but if he wants to get into a battle about styles, then I say his longtime-trademark golf hats also look preposterous!

ART POLLOCK

Tallahassee, Fla.

HOOF PROOF

Sirs:

I would like to call to your attention some inaccuracies and false impressions of AstroTurf caused by the "Red Rider" item in the SCORECARD section of your May 18 issue. It's not true that AstroTurf will not withstand galloping hooves. For your information, mares wander all over an AstroTurf golf course at Russian Jack Springs, Anchorage, Alaska, and the Shrine Circus, complete with elephants, is scheduled into St. Louis' Busch Memorial Stadium this summer. There is a reason, however, for horses to stay clear of AstroTurf: a galloping horse might break his leg because the traction is too good on AstroTurf, i.e., his hooves might hit the turf and literally stop on a dime. No give could mean a broken leg.

Texas Tech is not compensating for this problem by installing heavy-duty Tartan Turf, either. Tartan Turf is similar to AstroTurf and is a competitive product. Tech is installing Tartan Track, a smooth-surface synthetic product they sell for running

tracks. There's a big difference between the grasslike Tartan Turf and the smooth-surface Tartan Track.

I think you've confused the two products and, without realizing it, implied that our competitor's grasslike product is more rugged and durable than ours. I'm sure this was an innocent mistake and not an attempt to malign AstroTurf but, for the record, I did want to call it to your attention.

DAN R. BISHOP
AstroTurf Surfaces
Monsanto Company

St. Louis

HOCKEY COVERAGE

Sirs:

Some weeks ago you presented a short article (TV Talk, Feb. 23) that conveyed the idea that U.S. television coverage of pro hockey was of a fairly high quality. As you well know, the final game of the Boston Bruins' Stanley Cup march was aired on CBS. I would like to tell you how the affair was covered in Boston. Less than one minute after Bobby Orr scored the winning goal in overtime, CBS paused for commercials. Then, without a word of farewell, a local station, WHDH-TV Channel 5, cut in and switched to the Boston Red Sox-Oakland Athletics baseball game, which was already in progress. For the dedicated Bruins fans, who had waited 29 years for this moment, there was no presentation of the Stanley Cup, no jubilant dressing-room scene and no game wrap-up.

Immediately, the WHDH office in Boston was swamped by calls from irate viewers. The administrators told the callers that they were under contract to switch to the Red Sox game as soon as possible. I propose that in the future TV contracts include escape clauses, which would allow the time of baseball broadcasts to be changed when the situation merits a change.

For Boston fans the CBS hockey blunder ranks near the top with NBC's *Heck* affair. I certainly hope that television will learn from its mistakes.

GLENDON H. POMEROY

Worcester, Mass.

Sirs:

I believe SI to be the finest magazine on the market for important and unimportant (but interesting) sports coverage. But with your last two issues I think someone was asleep at the stick. While you covered what had to be a relatively dull Stanley Cup, not one word of mention was given to this year's most exciting amateur hockey event, the Senior Canadian Hockey championship for the Allen Cup. The most important fact about this year's Allen Cup is that it was won,

for the first time in its history, by a team from the U.S.

On Tuesday, May 5 the Spokane Jets won the sixth and deciding game in a best-of-seven series from the Orilla (Ontario) Terriers. The Jets swept through two playoff series before taking on the Terriers.

ROBERT E. SLETTIN

Spokane

MARIO'S HACKERE

Sirs:

If, as Kim Chapin writes in his profile of Mario Andretti (*Money in His Pocket, Speed in His Soul*, May 11), Mario "is infected under his own colors" in 1968, then we of Overseas National Airways and allied interests spent \$100,000 for the sponsorship of his USAC cars in the interest of gratifying our corporate passion for anonymity.

In point of fact, 1968 was a disappointing year for Mario, but he managed to garner enough first and second places to lead in the USAC championship standings going into the final race of the year at Riverside, Calif. He lost the championship (to Bobby Unser) by a heartbreaking 11 points, but we thought enough of his gallant effort to produce a film chronicling that season.

We found the association with Mario enormously gratifying personally and commercially and would happily have renewed the relationship but realized that his arrangement with Mr. Granatelli, which included purchase of his cars, would enable him to concentrate on racing. His 1969 achievements demonstrate how prudent a move he made.

VINCENT R. DUFFY
Vice President, Marketing
Overseas National Airways

Jamaica, N.Y.

HERDS AND COATS

Sirs:

On May 8 the New York Knickerbocker basketball team went out on the Garden floor and made a very bad mistake—it won the NBA championship. The reason I say mistake is that the Knicks, according to Frank Deford (*Pro Basketball's New Season*, Oct. 27), were supposed to finish behind Milwaukee and Baltimore in the Eastern Division. I wrote a letter of disapproval at the time. I believe it was ignored. Later on someone else wrote an article on the NBA, and I wrote another letter asking why the Knicks were only slightly mentioned. I believe it, too, was ignored.

I, along with at least 19,500 other Knick fans, believe we have the greatest basketball team ever assembled. We also want people to realize that Willis Reed is on a par with every other center in the NBA. If this third

continued

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10TH HOLE — continued

letter is published, I promise I will forgive Frank Deford and I will bug you no longer. PEACI

BRENN (HOMER) BUCKER

Red Hook, N.Y.

Sirs,

Concerning the New York Knicks' 25th-anniversary NBA championship victory over the Los Angeles Lakers: Where there's a Willis there's a way!

RENEE BRAUNER

Hammond, La.

Sirs,

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED'S Sportsman of the Year for 1970 has to be Bobby Orr. Not only did he capture four major awards, but he and the Bruins also have taken this town and turned it upside down. Bobby Orr epitomizes everything good and wholesome in a pro athlete: i.e., skill, determination, fierce competitive spirit, leadership and, above all, genuine humility. He's the type that American youth certainly can emulate.

JORDAN R. RUSSELL

Allston, Mass.

Sirs,

That's stand old Boston for ya! Unlike the rascally Mets fans in New York, not one fan tried to take a hunk of ice from the playing surface for a souvenir following the Bruins' first Stanley Cup win in 29 years.

J. J. SOUTHS

Stuart, Conn.

SPORTADE

Sirs,

In your article on wrestling (*Down with Mangled Fifties*, April 27) you stated that "Sportade (an imitator of Gatorade) donated \$500 for the outstanding-wrestler award."

The part about the award was correct, but I take exception to the parenthetical reference. Sportade was invented and named by me in 1965 at my son's prep school, long before I had ever heard about Gatorade, whose concept appears similar but whose formula is quite different. The invention of Sportade was stimulated by the number of deaths due to heat stroke in early-season high school football that year. There had been a death here in Bergen County at St. Cecilia High School the year before, and its team physician, Dr. Eric Bayer, later used my drink, as did other team physicians of this area.

I might add that I otherwise enjoyed your well-written, humorous article.

GAROLD B. ADAMS, M.D.

West Englewood, N.J.

Address editorial mail to: **TIME & LIFE Bldg.**
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